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The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

VOLUME XXIII. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1871. NUMBER 1181.

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The Independent.

POPULAR WEDDING SONGS OF ARMENIA.

[FROM THE ENGLISH VERSION MADE BY THE MONKS OF THE CONVENT OF SAN LAZZARO, VENICE.]

BY H. H.

THE SONG OF THE NEW BRIDE.

LITTLE threshold, do not thou be shaken;
I am now the one who must be shaken,
To bring lilies.

Little plank, oh! do not thou be stirred;
I am now the one who must be stirred,
To bring lilies.

Little ground, do thou not shake;
I am now the one to shake,
To bring lilies.

Little tree, do thou not tremble;
I am now the one to tremble,
To bring lilies.

Little leaf, be not thrown down;
I am now to be thrown down,
To bring lilies.

Sun, do not arise;
I must now arise,
To bring lilies.

Sun, do not surround;
I must now surround,
To bring lilies.

Moon, do not arise;
I must now arise,
To bring lilies.

Stars, give forth no sparkle;
I must now give sparkle,
To bring lilies.

Crane, make thou no cry;
It is for me to cry,
To bring lilies.

Mother, do not weep;
It is for me to weep,
To bring lilies.

Father, do not, etc.

Brother, do not, etc.

With a pack of linen they had bribed the mother;
They had bribed the father with a cup of wine;
With a pair of boots they had bribed the brother;
With a bar of antimony, white and fine,
The little sister. They have loosed the strings
Which tie the purse. From her mother's mother
They have parted the girl.
And thou, oh! mother,
Lest thou the little trace
Left of thy little girl might thus efface,
Sweep never the little plank! Let there remain to thee
A little memory,
In order that all things
Thy soul's desire complete!
The raisin dried and sweet,
They have passed with the sieve and have filled
The pockets of the girl, and have willed
That she shall to-day
Set out on the foreign way!

THE SONG OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

Oh! blessed be God the merciful,
And blessed be the Creator's will. [*Thrice.*]
We have united and finished now,
The cross above stands firm and still!

Seek now the father of the king,*
And let him now prepare the feast;
Before the holy altar
His knees must bend and falter;
All fortune to our king!

Seek now the mother of our king;
Before the holy altar,
Let her knees bend and falter,
All fortune to our king!

Seek now the brother, etc.

Seek now the sister, etc.

Go to the desert for the crane;
Let him too come and sit and see;
Let him kneel down on faithful knee,
All fortune to our king!

Go seek the Partridge from the hill;
Let him too come and sit and see;
Let him kneel down on faithful knee;
All fortune to our king!

RESPONSE.

To our king must be given flowers of flowers. [*Thrice*]
What sort of flowers shall we give our king?
The balsam together buds and flowers;
That is the fitting flower to bring.
The flower of flowers which becomes our king
Is the flower which is called the bell of snow;
The flower of flowers which becomes our king
Is amaranth which will forever blow;
The flowers of flowers which become our king
Are pomegranate flowers which glow.

RESPONSE.

By help of the Holy One going before,
Yea, by his help,
There came a king;
A face like the face of a cross he bore.

RESPONSE.†

Our king was crossed, our king was crossed;
His fez was red, his sun was green;
Our king was crossed, our king was crossed;
His turban was red, his sun was green;
Our king was crossed, our king was crossed;
His tunic was crossed, his sun was green;
Our king was crossed, our king was crossed;
His sipplet was red, his sun was green;
Our king was crossed, our king was crossed;
His cloak was red, his sun was green;
Our king was crossed, our king was crossed;
His hose was vari-colored, his sun was green.

RESPONSE.

Arise, let us go and meet him,
That he may not be offended.

* In Armenia the bridegroom is called the king.

† *Verbatim* from the monks' translation.

‡ During the marriage ceremony in Armenia the bridegroom holds an apple in his hand.

RESPONSE.

This great crowd, this great crowd, what can it be?
This crowd is the village masters, come to see.
The lion is roaring. Look, who is he?
The lions roaring the doctors must be.
The partridge is chirping. Look, who is he?
The patridge chirping the priests must be.
The sparrow is warbling. Look, who is he?
The sparrow warbling must the deacons be.
One standing among them as columns stand. Look, who is he?
The one who stands as columns stand, the father
Of the king must be.
The star behind the father and mother. Oh! who is she?
The star behind the father and mother the queen must be.
The brush behind the door. Oh! what is it?
The brush behind the door is the servants as is fit.
A hound comes with bag in his mouth. Who is he?
The hound the collector of the village must be.
A mouse comes covered with flour. Who is he?
The mouse coming covered with flour the miller must be.

RESPONSE.

Now we have praised,
Yes, finished and praised,
And the cross above him we have raised.

WOMAN AS A SOCIAL OBSERVER.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

In regard to social laws and individual rights, is the influence of women better than that of men? There are women who are scrupulous and honorable; but is the proportion larger than that of scrupulous and honorable men? The women who do sin sin with a high hand and a stretched-out arm apparently unattainable by men. A man recognizes rights and proprieties, and pays to them the small tribute of hiding under the table. He knows he has no business there--or, rather, he thinks he has business there, and means to prosecute it; but he advances no claim, presumes on no politeness, and deliberately, and I may say bravely, runs the risk of being turned out-doors.

But your female correspondent, on the occasion, for instance of an afternoon reception at the President's, goes to the White House, enters the reception-room, stations herself at the end of the line of hostesses as if she were one of the receiving ladies, and stands there with paper and pencil ready to impale every unhappy fly who, unlike her prototype, is forced to come slowly flitting by. And the unhappy flies know it, and cannot help it. It is like seeing your scaffold go up nail by nail before your chamber window. You could stand decapitation; but the process of preparation is the one straw too much. But a woman cannot be turned out of doors. I say that the man under the table is less exasperating, and better bred, and not less "elevated" than the woman at her post of observation.

When you go to an evening party, and see a woman standing in the hall, holding her paper high up against the wall and writing vigorously, in the most conspicuous place and attitude, commanding with her guns all egress and ingress; when you see a woman at a ball bearing down upon you brandishing her note-book, and calling out in tones loud enough to be heard by all the bystanders, "Can't stop to talk now. I'm correspondent of the New-Zealand *Honeycomb!*" when a woman accosts you in a public conveyance, and informs you that she is correspondent of this, that, and the other newspaper, and author of such and such books; when a woman constructs from her position a personal threat, one longs for the good old times when women were secluded and did not know the alphabet, and their husbands were allowed to use "moderate correction." Perhaps when the novelty of appearing in print is worn off women will cease to brandish their pens in our faces. They will feel that it is as ill-bred to obtrude their authorship as it would be to obtrude their income, their wealthy relatives, their past career, or any other facts of their personal history; that not only is this obtrusiveness unnecessary to good work, but it is well nigh incompatible with it. Certainly there are none to whom it is more offensive than to the better members of their own class. But, while the acclimating process is going on, those who feel that the lack of reticence or magnanimity in one woman is the loss of all women can but be penetrated with a lively regret and shame, not unmingled with dismay.

So far as the department of Washington correspondence offered woman a field for the display of intellectual acuteness and social wisdom it has been largely neglected. Women have apparently restrained their ambition to doing deftly and as a regular business the inane work that men did clumsily and incidentally. For the laughter and applause of galleries they have been willing to make the judicious grieve. In dealing with politics, they have attempted well, though circumstances may have prevented a complete success; but, with few exceptions, in dealing with society they have not even attempted well. Dreary catalogues of dress and jewelry, eulogistic or depreciating descriptions of personal appearance, glittering and sounding generalities of wealth and splendor are all that they seem to have aspired to. Given certain reception days, and certain public men and their wives--who in the eyes of these women are equally public--and unlimited command of silk and satin, and you have ample material for a Washington letter. No matter whether the man were at the reception or not. He might have been, and in the letter he is. It is generally safe to presume that the rural districts will never know that everything did not happen precisely as reported. Very seldom occurs such a *contretemps* as last winter, when minute accounts of holiday festivities were brought to grief by the unexpected non-occurrence of the festivities; the interruption of which, however, was so late that the history of their happenings came out all the same as if they had actually happened!

Of the real significance of society--of that which makes our capital city brilliant, distinguished, or peculiar--you learn as little from the letters of most women as from those of men. And this is surprising. Here you would imagine women to be on their native heath. It may be because the best writers touch on society but lightly; but those who give themselves to it, so far as I have seen, give themselves entirely to the sensational and the silly. You might gather from them that Washington was a carnival of gayety, a whirl of frivolity and parade, a confusion of color and glitter, luxurious and voluptuous, if not selfish, heartless, and unprincipled. You would not gather that not only human nature but human conditions is very much the same there as elsewhere; that Washington holds upright citizens and careful mothers and eager school-girls and happy homes; that thrift and economy and good neighborhood and good fellowship exist there; that the claims of God and man, religion and benevolence, are not forgotten; that friendliness and chit-chat and bright talk and mental stimulus abound; that the glitter of party-giving and party-going is but a small part of the light that shines; and that, though one may, perhaps, more easily there than elsewhere, rush into foolish excitement and frivolous pastime, it is of his own frivolous and foolish will, since nowhere can he find more abundant material for varied and reasonable pleasure, or feel that, with his intellectual as with his personal wardrobe, his best is not too good for presentation.

The power of the press to delight and benefit, to annoy and injure, is practically determined only by the temper, breeding, and ability of those who write for it. No eulogy is so nauseous, no libel so gross, no gossip so scandalous, no item so frivolous that it cannot somewhere find a ready market. For the tale-bearing, the blackmailing, the general sensationalism which mar the comeliness and diminish the value of journalism women are not to be blamed. They did not introduce them. Neither, it appears, for the redemption of journalism from these vital diseases are they to be credited. They have as yet shown no disposition to eradicate them.

"PRAYING CREAM."

BY W. C. WILKINSON.

Mr. Beecher has contributed a great many working proverbs to the currency of everyday Christian life. But he perhaps never coined a phrase that sprang instantly into a wider frequency in the mouths of men than when he uttered his famous expression about "praying cream and living skim-milk."

The aim of this shaft is obvious and just. It flies, fledged with its lively if homely metaphor, neatly between the joints of the harness of many a religious professor, and bites the marrow and quick of his hypocrisy or his self-deception. I have no wish to blunt its point or save its mark. But it is capable of being used so as to do harm, instead of good.

Of course, Mr. Beecher would not object to a man's praying cream, if he can. Mr. Beecher does it himself. The richer the cream of prayer that mantles to the surface of a Christian life the better. No question of this. The trouble begins when prayer is stripped from life to make life poorer. But can it be? Is not the metaphor at fault? Is the saying as many-sidedly wise as it is suddenly witty? Has prayer the relation to life of cream to milk? Does life produce prayer? If so, does the life become impoverished in the production?

The truth is, the luck of Mr. Beecher's phrase is by no means perfect. It was a good enough arrow for impromptu use. But it will hardly bear the service to which it is sometimes put. It flies very uncertainly since it left the string of the master bowman.

Let us consider what prayer is in relation to life. It is both cause and effect, undoubtedly. A good life makes the prayer of the man who lives it good. Prayer is the artesian well out of which, from sources near or remote, the life leaps to light toward God. The higher the unseen sources and the fuller their flow the more buoyantly springs aloft the Godward aspiration to which they answer. But then, conversely, good praying makes good living. What is prayer?

For our present purpose, it will suffice to consider it in its reflex influence upon the soul that prays. Thus considered, prayer is the conscious, deliberate, adaptive aspiration of the heart after ideal excellence. It is the act of contemplating, and desiring, and appropriating what is purest and best. It is conceiving the unattained in noble character, and "thitherward endeavoring." This is the very idea of the highest prayer. What, then, can it be but "praying cream"? What else ought it to be?

In this view the intenser the contrast between the prayer and the life the better, provided always that there be an approach of the life to the prayer. The more the aspiration transcends the attainment the greater the tractive power of the aspiration. Let the aspiration soar, though the attainment grovel in comparison. Is there any gain if the groveling attainment drags the eager aspiration downward to the dust?

The demoralizing thing is when there is *no* relation between the prayer and the life. And this, of course, is the point at which Mr. Beecher aimed his arrow. It is horrible, indeed, when the Devil furnishes a man with a glib gift in prayer whose life shows no tendency to correspond. Milk may stand for cream, and, the cream being taken off, the mission of the milk be accomplished. Not so in the relation between the prayer and the life. The life is not lived for the sake of the prayer. Rather, the prayer is prayed for the sake of the life.

It is easy to see that, considered from the point of view of a rational philosophy merely, the office of prayer is the most fruitful among the powers of good transformation that can work upon a life. The time occupied in familiarizing one's self with a high ideal, in contemplation even, is immense gain. The difference between coarseness and refinement of character, so far as these are acquisitions, and not gifts, is made by the difference of habit in just this respect. You grow refined in accurately graduated proportion to the share of your time which you spend in the company of noble ideals. To forego this ideal society, and to give one's self up wholly to the sordid realities of an earthly life, is to grow coarse beyond help.

Now, when to the mere contemplation of good ideals you add a power of positive desire to realize them in yourself, plainly you have devised the wisest expedient possible of becoming constantly better. You will become constantly better in the exact ratio to the time and the intensity which you devote to such exercises. You will still be liable to two dangers. You may be cheated by your own cunning into debasing the ideal too much toward your own level. This peril has befallen all, in every age and every clime, who have had no help from above. And you may neglect the habit of resort to the ennobling society of your high aspirations. You may be overtaken by that most disheartening of all the experiences of the soul that is bent on self-culture--a doubt and shame of the very practice on which such self-culture depends, a secret disgust and dread of a self-manipulation beginning and ending in itself. At both these points the Christian office of prayer is guarded. You have a faultless ideal supplied you, by which you may constantly recover your unconscious degeneracies from the true; and you are assured that your worship is not a barren revolution in a vicious circle of self-help, that you are not trying to rise by tugging at your own boot-straps.

Pray cream, then, brethren, with good cheer, and be encouraged if you find that living is skim-milk in comparison. But do not take the cream off. Stir it down to enrich the milk. The cream of prayer does not rise from beneath so much as it falls from above. Keep it well stirred downward. It is beautiful when the aspiration leavens the life. It is a perpetual approach to the state of winged freedom for which we were born when we were born again. In prayer, in Christian prayer, the noble exaggeration of the poet becomes literal truth:

"The thing we long for, that we are,
For one transcendent moment."

NOT DEAD.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

Thou art not dead; yet when I go to seek thee,
And find thee not where thou wert wont to be,
And listening hear the cadenced melody
Of thy low voice, so marvelous to me,
No more, no more!

Shall I too call thee dead? Oh! shall I cry
Through the void silence, as I moan for thee:
"Tell me, my Beautiful, why didst thou die,
Why rise to regions where we cannot see
Who love thee--why?"

When next I stand in the familiar room,
And, half-expectant, by the vacant chair,
Lay back the curtains in their purple gloom,
To touch the golden shadow of thy hair,
Wilt thou be there?

Then blind me not with thy seraphic face,
Nor seeking fingers thrill with spirit touch;
For I am mortal, and thine angel grace,
In its beatitude, would be too much
To see and live.

Show me thy woman-face--the sweet, sweet face,
That I must love forever--strong to bless,
Drawing all souls toward thee with the power
Of its unfathomable tenderness--
Those eyes, those eyes!

Oh! when Murillo painted Mary's face,
Through her mysterious, Madonna eyes
Her life outflowed, in the transfiguring grace
Of love, that in the soul of woman lies,
'Twas thee he saw.

The earth is fair, O, lovelier, fairer far
To all-divining sight like thine, unscaled
To spiritual meanings. Yonder star,
Yon blade of grass, its mystery had revealed
To thee, to thee.

Thy soul was one with Nature's. Every vein
That fed the pulses of her mighty heart
Flowed back to thine, with thrill of bliss or pain;
Her changing moods made smiles or tears to start
In thy dark eyes.

Now as the days fade, as the mornings dawn,
And Summer new her tender robe doth make,
The murmurous waves moan of a dear voice gone;
A sweeter meaning, for thy gentle sake,
The world doth take.

Ah! now I mind me of a buried June,
When we above the sad, sonorous sea
Sat side by side, and thy deep gaze drank in
A deeper life, from its infinity
It spake with thee.

You murmured, gazing on the crowning woods:
"In such an air, and under such a sky,
Lulled by the rhythm of eternal floods,
'Twould be so holy and so sweet to die--
To die, and live."

I saw the luminous lifting of thine eyes,
And trembled lest upon the scented sward,
Waiting to bear away my precious prize,
Stood the invisible angel of the Lord,
All veiled to me.

Thou art not dead! Why should I go to seek thee?
A Presence and a Power I feel thee nigh;
Half unaware I turn as if to greet thee.
Oh! my own Beautiful, thou canst not die,
I feel thee nigh.

WHERE IT GOES.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Boys and girls begin by being astonishingly alike. Up to a certain point they go hand in hand. The first thing we know the road splits, and, before one can tell what has happened, or why, or how, he is tripping down his side of it, she hers, and off they go, "waving their hands for a last farewell" to that community of faculties, tastes, and interests, that possible (sometimes practical) likeness of mental and moral caliber which alone can constitute, in any sufficient sense of the term, *equality* between two people. Now and then a woman "cuts across lots," and now and then a man goes honestly out to meet her; and occasionally, through thickets, and over rocks, and across briars, the two clasp hands with an appreciation of mutual need, and a fitness for one another, and a content with one another which would have been unattainable had they gone on tossing roses and flying kites at each other across the growing distance of their several ways. But this is only that happy exception which proves the sad rule.

Mature life, which develops the man, stunts the woman. He goes on. She stands still. He unfolds. She droops. He puts himself at compound interest. She does well if she save her principal intact.

This is especially noticeable among what we call "educated" men and women.

Mary and Josiah, at the high school or academy, keep step like drilled soldiers. Mary, in fact, is inclined to effect the Euclid lesson in less time than Josiah; and Mary will graduate the higher rank in Greek. At the Shakespeare elocution clubs they will take turns at the five-dollar prize. If Josiah's composition on the principle of the cog-wheel is read at the exhibition, Mary will write the parting hymn. (Even at the base-ball match, one August evening, Mary will be "pitcher," and Josiah must look to his laurels, or she will carry her "side" in spite of him.)

If they chance in a medical college together, Mary will be quite sure to bear the first honors over his head.

But Mary seldom chances in the medical or alas! in any other college. Josiah plunges into calculus and Descartes. Mary subsides into custards and dishwater. In fifteen years he is a college professor, or a state surveyor, or the principal of the Young American Idea. In fifteen years--fifteen? in five!--the chances are that she will not read the daily papers.

Apparently, the girl started in life with the same chance of intellectual growth as the boy. What became of it? To all powers of observation and inference she seemed to bring, at the start, as much mental stock as he to their joint corporation. Where did it go?

Said the Hon. George R. Hoar, before a committee of the Massachusetts legislature, in 1869.

"In the town where I was born and educated, and where we had pretty good schools and pretty good scholars, the girls were always at the head of the classes. My friend who has preceded me and my friend who sits on the committee perhaps could tell you something of a lady who fitted me for college, of whom it was said by the late President Everett that she could fill any professorship in Harvard College. Under her tuition the university used to place students who were suspended for a time; and she kept them up with their classes in every study, doing a work which would have been divided among a dozen male teachers in the college. She was one of the few persons in this country who are said to have read the '*Mecanique Celeste*' in the original, without the assistance of the translation of Dr. Bowditch; a Greek and Latin scholar to whose studies Æschylus and Homer and Virgil were familiar; well acquainted, too, with the languages and literatures of modern Europe; who could tell naturalists, like Tuckerman and Gray, some things about their own studies which they were glad to hear."

If there are such women as that among us--and where we hear of one there are, of course, a dozen "mute inglorious"--what becomes of them? Why, if they marry, do they sink into nursery-maids and cooks; and why, if they do not marry, do we find them--for we do find them--rusting life out in sewing-circles and strawberry festivals? Why do they go so far and *stop?*

"Why?" said a keen-eyed woman, to whom I once propounded the problem; "where?" sharply. "It's plain enough where. Women's wits go into their clothes!"

After long, patient, and assiduous study, I am inclined to think--unable to find for the worse a better reason--that she was partly right.

We hear a great deal about the *money* it takes to effect a well-dressed woman. I wish we were oftener reminded of the *brains* it takes.

The average young man walks into his tailor's twice a year, pays a bill, and has coats and pantaloons and vests. That is all he knows. He requires shirts, and somebody makes him shirts. He thinks no more. Will he have a hat? Behold! a piece of felt, with a galloon string. It does not flop over his forehead. It will never twitch off his back hair. It does not blow into his eyes. Its elastic cannot blister his neck, or produce depressions of the cerebellum. It will not be out of date before the summer is over. It is seldom or never a matter of anxious reflection. It is a fixed fact, like yesterday's dinner or the last election.

The average young woman expends enough inventive power, enough financial shrewdness, enough close foresight, enough perturbation of spirit, enough presence of mind, enough patience of hope and anguish of regret upon one season's outfit--I had almost said upon one single street suit--to make an excellent bank cashier or a comfortable graduate of a theological seminary.

If you doubt the truth of this statement, just take in for yourself, with the "cricket's eye," the first young girl you may meet down town. How fearfully and wonderfully made! How do you suppose those bias folds, and double box-plaits, and fluted ruffles, and corded bands, and shirred waists, and paniered skirts, and bowed, and flounced, and tied, and corded, and laced, and buttoned, and spangled, and fringed, and folded, and dotted, and bunched, and bunched, and horrible mysteries got together?

There was manœuvering enough expended upon the dressmaker to have elected a representative, and concentration of mind upon the seamstress intense enough to have withstood a Wall Street panic, and headache enough put into the sewing-machine to have mastered "Porter's Human Intellect." And now it requires care enough to keep herself together to save a soul.

I once saw a young lady ride the whole way from Portland to Boston in the cars without once leaning back against the cushioned seat, so that she should not tumble her black silk sash.

When the world learns that there is worse than no reason why women should sacrifice any more time, money, strength, intellect, or modesty to their dress than men, we shall have ten women citizens, scholars, inventors, sculptors, artists, poets, scientists, and rulers where it would be impossible, in the nature of things, to find more than one now.

"I think you hardly allow margin enough," interrupts a thoughtful woman, looking up from her sewing at me here, "for the *inside women.*"

"What do you call the inside women?"

"Those who cannot be artists and poets and --"

"They can be citizens, at least. I said scholars and citizens."

"Well--perhaps. And--isn't there a *goodness* in the influence of women's dress upon the world? It is very bad, I know; but it isn't *all* bad."

"Good women will make goodness out of anything. If women ever ennoble society on a wrong *principle*, the credit belongs not to the principle, but to them. Any principle which demands that one-half of the world shall influence the other half, *primarily*, by physical beauty and its adornment is degrading both to its subjects and its objects, and, therefore wrong."

My friend took up her sewing silently, and while she was musing the fire burned; then spake I with my tongue:

"I more than suspect that some plain, neat, sensible, and graceful costume--differing in the two sexes only so much as the necessities of society and the finer instincts of women shall require--will be at some time devised for general street, house and business wear; that women will, in due time, be no longer in peril of life every time they step from a horse-car, or of dropping the baby every time they go up-stairs, or of a rheumatic fever every time they walk out in the rain, from their long, entangling skirts; or of social ostracism if they wear no streamers upon their heads, or of that most dire calamity, not being "popular in society," if they cannot command a good dressmaker.

Of course, being in Rome, meanwhile, we do, more or less--Heaven send it may be less and less!--as the Romans do.

These "bloodless revolutions" in society come on tiptoe, and some conformity to established standards of propriety or elegance is as necessary as flannels in an east wind. As long as we cannot change the temperature, we must, in a measure, adapt ourselves to it. Nevertheless, every woman who has so far pulled her sex back into the Dark Ages as to put on one of the dragging, uncleanly, senseless street dresses which disfigure this spring's fashion-books has done a deed of which she ought to feel ashamed. And, notwithstanding, the day may come when no refined and respected maid or wife would be seen in what will be called a fashionable outfit in any country town in the land this very summer.

NATIONALITY.

BY PROF. TAYLER LEWIS, LL.D.

The social contract theory of government, or that which founds it solely on the consent of the parts, corporate or individual, can never furnish a tenable argument against secession. The appeal is sometimes made to the example of our fathers; but they never meant anything like this in what they say of "governments deriving their power from the consent of the governed." The Declaration of Independence was simply an assertion of the right of each nation, or people, *as a whole*, or of every grown colony historically and geographically separated, as we were, to be free from a distant and oppressive foreign control, in which it had no true representation. In this sense it was to govern itself. They never could have intended a doctrine which would have been, theoretically, the dissolution of their work as soon as it was made, or which would have practically dashed it in pieces before it had acquired cohesion and strength. There is, however, no middle ground between this social compact hypothesis and the organic theory of the state as an historical power "ordained of God," as a whole having rights and duties higher than any that have been or can be derived to it from the parts. The former would make a nation to be simply a numerical gathering of human beings upon a certain space, an accidental or voluntary coming together of greater or lesser parts, dissolvable at any time according to will of such parts, or by their arbitrary secession, either from the whole or from each other. In other words, a nation is only a larger mass meeting, such as has been often seen in the parks and squares of New York. On this vulgar theory of national existence we defy any man to find an essential element of cohesion or permanency in the one that may not be regarded as belonging in a greater or less degree to the other. Each part comes and goes at its pleasure. It is not a whole, but a mass, a swaying, surging multitude, breaking up into other masses, setting up other stands, with other speakers, and other central gatherings, according to accident, wisdom, or caprice. When we call it a mass, we mean that it has no organic oneness, no true integrity. It is an ever-flowing quantity. It is simply an assemblage--not a congregation, but an aggregation--having no other tie but the temporary contiguity, or at most the temporary coherence of the parts which have thus come together. There is no organic life; for the moment we introduce any idea of this kind we get above the dead partialism or individualism of the other view, and are compelled to acknowledge an historical creative power to which we owe allegiance on other grounds than that of assent, or as something under which we were born. There may, indeed, be compacts and conventions, such as abound in our own history; but these are themselves simply results of this higher uniting, organizing force, without which there would have been no such convening. They are not creative powers; but simply manifestations of a previous whole, without which the parts would have had to each other no combining relation.

If we would acknowledge a true national being, we are compelled to admit this idea of organic life, however visionary it may seem to some minds. We call it a life, because it is a power, a movement, one and the same in the whole and in every part; not made or constituted by the parts, but making them and the whole what they are, in themselves and in their relations to each other. It is something more than a metaphor. It is a real life, as appears from the fact of its having a pervading sentiency. The body politic is shown to be alive, because it is found that a hurt in one part hurts all through and all over, thus proving us to be "members one of another." It was this vital fact of experience, appealing to the instinctive national feeling, rather than to any political logic, true or false, that brought out the burning enthusiasm which so triumphantly carried us through our late awful struggle. Such a national agony was needed to quicken the civic consciousness, and to prove beyond all power of sophistical refutation that the United States was not a league, but a true commonwealth, having a common weal--a veritable nation, one and indivisible.

Keep alive this feeling of enthusiasm, then, so intense and glowing. Let it be hallowed in the national remembrances, and secession dies. Let it grow chill and torpid under the opiate of a false liberalism, as is the danger now, and in the same ratio will the opposite disintegrating principle again show itself, under the hollow disguises of "state sovereignty" and "state rights." These names, which have covered up so much of oppression, as well as of rebellious turbulence, are again invoked as "the watchwords of freedom"! Centralization, that word so greatly misunderstood, is now the bugbear to frighten the ignorant and unthinking, whilst everywhere there is coming forth again the lurking sophism, so utterly refuted by the history of modern civilization and by the startling evidence of late portentous events, that in narrow local and municipal rule are to be found the surest guaranties of human rights.

It is the great nation, on the contrary, which most truly cares for and protects the individual freedom. This could be shown from *a priori* reasoning; but more easily and conclusively is it proved from our own history. State sovereignty has but too frequently been only another name for state tyranny and the individual oppression. The Ku-Klux of North Carolina and the Rings of New York are alike in this. They are putting it beyond a doubt, as an ultimate truth in our political philosophy, that the great nation must finally come to be regarded as the most trusty conservator of human rights. Under its broad ægis must they find their most secure shelter against the narrow local tyrannies, the local *centralizations*, the local municipalities, ever showing more and more of the intense corporate selfishness the further they are removed from the higher enthusiasm, the freer atmosphere, and the comparative salubrity of the widely flowing, organic, national life. Here, too, corruption may be expected, as in all things human; but there is more to purify it. There is a freer circulation; there is a deeper responsibility. In the very greatness of national politics, in the charge of foreign relations demanding a broader ethics than is concerned with obscure municipal enactments, in the conspicuous theater presented by national men and national transactions, there is in the main some security for higher motives, and more righteous because more universal principles of action. Though seemingly further removed, they are more watched and better known in their dealings than the men entrusted with or who somehow get control of the taxation and police government of our growing cities.

All this, we say, creates a higher and wider responsibility. There is not only the care of a nation as a whole, but also of the parts in their relation to each other. It may yet be found that that long-dormant clause which provides that the nation "shall guarantee to each state in the Union a republican form of government" (that is, make it real and sure) is the true *magna charta* of our liberties, instead of the doctrine of "state rights" according to Alexander Stephens and the Tammany orators. There is something Providential about this article. The evil it was intended to guard against could then

The Independent.

THE FREEDMAN'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY PROFESSOR FRANKLIN CARTER.

It was the time of budding life,
The season of the spring;
And all the leaves on all the trees
Made noiseless opening.

We sauntered down the broad highway,
Where nothing was astir;
Nature appeared that Sabbath day
A reverent worshiper.

The very birds refused to sing
And poised in upper air,
Or motionless on folded wing
Seemed wrapt in silent prayer.

The flowers swung their incense sweet,
But gave no hint of sound;
A solemn aisle became the street,
The earth was holy ground.

We reached the dingy building where
The dusky children sped;
And wondered that the benches were
So thickly tenanted.

The children read the Holy Word
With voices clear and sweet;
They sang the praises of our Lord,
As ever is most meet.

The earth was beautiful without,
'Twas beautiful within;
A moment came the foolish doubt,
"Is this a world of sin?"

And then dark memories of distress
Came rushing like a flood:
Sharp agony and bitterness,
And currents of red blood

Once cursed the very soil we trod,
And blotted out all sign
Of likeness to thee, living God!
In these dear ones of thine.

It seemed a mockery that no trace
Of all those dreadful years
Was on a single dusky face—
No scar, no frown, no tears!

A mockery that the world around
So calm and peaceful lay,
That ever dawned on cursed ground
This perfect Sabbath day!

When, lo! against the building frail
A sudden tempest broke.
We started, and the shivering gale
Hushed all the words we spoke.

At once the boisterous song above
The children sang the song
Of Pharaoh drowned, a God of love,
And right that conquers wrong.

Than of human love the pæan,
Louder than the tempest's roar,
"Don't you hear the lambs a-crying
Over on the other shore?"

The storm swept on: the chorus rang
Of Jesus crucified;
His resurrection too they sang,
A Saviour glorified.

The fury hushed, the voices still,
"Our Father" we all prayed,
With fervor said "Be done Thy will,"
Then musing homeward strayed.

I think of that eventful hour,
It seemed a rapid dream,
The perfect peace, the tempest's power,
The song's victorious stream.

Yet in my mind evokes the thought
Sweet prophecy of rest;
And the good hope the lesson taught
Is with God's promise blest.

The earth still shows the dreadful woe
And ravages of sin,
But by the children's songs I know
That love and right shall win;

That by and by no storm shall burst
Our glad pursuits among,
Nor fears compel a race accursed
To seek relief in song.

But skies shall be forever calm,
Wars and oppressions cease,
And soft shall rise the enduring psalm
Of brotherhood and peace.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

Our Summer Stories.

AUNT BECKY LARKINS'S WOOD-LOT;
OR,
HOW LOVE FULFILLED THE LAW.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

"A PROPHET is not without honor save in his own country." Fieldsburgh did not know her wise man, her sage, and perhaps her saint. There were anomalies in Fieldsburgh in those old times, before an admixture of city people had adulterated the original stock or modified the native character. Life was rather mean and sordid there then. There wasn't public spirit enough to keep the sheep out of the graveyard; and Fieldsburgh had done a pretty smart business in starving ministers, and probably would have made a victim of its healer of bodies, as it had of its healer of souls, if Dr. Eben Silverman had not been tougher in fiber than most men.

Dr. Eben Silverman rode the highest horse in Fieldsburgh, and the bonniest and the hardest goer. He carried his saddle-bags in regular orthodox fashion, and, in spite of the beastly pace by which old Jack got over the ground, not unfrequently, while riding in solitary places, carried a book in his hand; for he was the wisest and the simplest, the most deeply versed in the lore of the ancients and the least acquainted with the actual world in which he lived of any man that part of the country had ever produced.

The Doctor was very tall and spare, with a curious, sharp angularity. When he sat down, he seemed to pack himself up, and when he arose he opened his long person as you would undo the joints of a surveyor's rule. He was shabby and napless from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. His clothes often broke out into patches, his shoes into cracks, and his old hat, browned by many a rain storm, as he rode about among the solitary poor places around Fieldsburgh, sat upon his head like a haycock in the midst of a meadow. An odor of drugs lurked in his rusty garments. He was an ungainly figure, but there was the dignity of simple goodness and wisdom raying out of him; and sometimes it was made evident even to Fieldsburgh eyes that Dr. Eben took hold of the good of the world and made it his own, that he had meat to eat they knew not of.

Truth to tell, the small sums of money that should have gone in furbishing up the outer man were sometimes spent by Dr. Eben at cheap book-stalls in the neighboring city for books nobody else would buy, which he carried home like nuggets of gold, and smuggled into the house under the guns of Mrs. Nancy, his wife.

Unless he held your pulse between his fingers, if you spoke to him, it seemed to take him some time to come up and look out of his bodily eyes. He appeared to shout to himself from a distance, and then to introduce himself to himself, to be sure he was the man you wanted.

On the morning with which our story has to do the Doctor allowed Jack to pace along the road as he pleased. It was a June morning, fresh and crisp, with a light wind feathering the foliage along the creek and a crystalline sky overhead. The smell of blossomed clover drifted up to his senses. He was glad like a child, full of trust in God and charity to man. There was no ambition, no greed of gain, no cankering disappointment eating into his heart. Infinite love held out a cup brimming with blessings, and he took it and quaffed it and gave thanks.

The hedges were full of wild roses; a little brook purled across the road, whitening its pebbles; every brier bush was starred with blossoms; an old, spavined, half-blind horse, that would never do any more work, stood whinnying over the stone wall. This was just before Dr. Eben reached the land owned by the Slocum girls. And what a noble old farm it was, clear, too, from every cent of debt, with the fences in grand repair, the meadow flats level as a floor and green as a pavement of emeralds, and there over the backbone of the hill was Aunt Becky Larkins's wood-lot.

Everybody knew the story of the Slocum girls and Aunt Becky. Charity Slocum was the richest, shrewdest, and meanest of all the inhabitants of Fieldsburgh, and some of them were hard to beat. She and her sister were so painfully "near," as the Scotch say, that stories were kept in circulation of the means by which they managed to save, and screw, and pinch a sixpence into a shilling; how they sold all the butter they made on the place, and lived on "drippings," and never baked a mouthful of white bread in the house. It was well understood that they would not have kept Aunt Becky for years while the poor-house stood open, save and except that they were the next of kin, and some day the old lady's wood-lot—which, as the story went, her husband, a worthless fellow, had years back bought for a shotgun and twenty silver dollars—would, unless willed away, fall to them.

This same bit of land, biding its time, had become the most valuable piece of property in the neighborhood, for Fieldsburgh was a little more than half a hundred miles away from a great city, and people were looking in that direction for suburban homes. A railroad was in process of construction, and the depot would be built on Aunt Becky's ground. Men of long heads predicted that Fieldsburgh must expand from an insignificant hamlet into a busy town, and in that case Aunt Becky's land would be sold by the foot for more than Fieldsburgh acres had ever brought before.

The Doctor was pacing along, thinking of anything but Aunt Becky's wood-lot, when a voice under the elm trees by the roadside said: "O Dr. Eben!" The girl, for it was a girl of eighteen or thereabouts, was a decided little character, as could be seen from the way her head was set on her shoulders; with bright, warm, brown eyes, a nose turned up the least bit, a tanned but comely face, short locks of curly black hair, under the brim of a shabby old straw hat, and a picturesque form, with unconscious grace in every curve.

The Doctor pulled up Jack, gazed abstractedly through his glasses, gave that peculiar hillo to himself we have before spoken of, and, finally, with all the queer puckers of his face growing benevolent, said: "Angeline!"

Angeline nodded her head. "I knew you would come and see Aunt Becky," said she, "and I thought I just would waylay you and ask how Oscar was when you heard from him."

"Chock full of confidence," answered the Doctor, "sculping away yonder in the city, and living the Lord knows how."

"I never saw such beautiful things as he does," said Angeline, with enthusiasm. "He will be sure to succeed."

"If he succeeds, according to the world's idea of success," returned the Doctor, "he will be the first Silverman that ever did in my recollection. But want of success don't kill us; we're long livers," and he laughed out as cheery as a robin.

The girl poked the shabby toe of her shoe into the loose gravel of the road. There was trouble in her face; and she looked up through a sort of teary mist, and said quickly: "Dr. Eben, I wish I had a friend to help me. I am of age now, and Squire Preston says I am entitled to my mother's share of the farm; but I can't touch it unless my aunts are willing to have the property divided, and they would see me starve first. It looks just as if I was a beggar. Aunt Charity don't give me enough to buy decent clothes; and I never have been to school hardly any, because I had to stay at home and drudge round house. I should have grown up in utter ignorance if it hadn't been for Cole. He took pains to teach me a great deal, and he was most the only one that ever was kind to me; but I guess he's forgotten all about that." And the girl's lips trembled, and the big round tears were just ready to tumble down her flushed cheek.

The Doctor winked hard, and looked into the tree boughs over Angeline's head. "There's one good streak about the Silvermans, Lina," said he—"they don't forget easy. Learning is a good thing," he continued. "I ought to speak well of it, though my wife does think I'm a good schoolmaster spoiled to make a poor doctor. That's the way with the Silvermans, they never set the peg down in the right hole. But I'm not sorry; if books have been my hopple, they've been, too, the precious jewel in the toad's head, and made life rich. I might, now and then, bring you along a volume in my saddle-bags—not the old black-letter tomes my wife threatens to burn up, but Plutarch's Lives, or Will Shakespeare's plays, or the works of old Chaucer, who sang as if he had a nest of throstles in his bosom."

"O, thank you!" said Lina, with the smiles coming like a broken rainbow into her moist eyes. "I should be glad of reading; for I can't bear to be an ignoramus, and disappoint those that might expect better things of me."

She had pressed close to old Jack, and the hat had slipped from her thick curly locks. The Doctor reached down his hand and softly stroked them with a motion that showed what a well of tenderness there was under the awkward exterior of this motherly man.

"It's a good thing to have a wise head," he said, gently; "but it's better to have a fond heart. Pluck up courage, little girl; there's no stick of affliction so crooked it can't, when planted by God, yield a green shoot. You've got your mother's face, as I remember her, sitting in the singers' seat, years back, with a posy in her gypsy hat. It was a picture to remember."

"O, if mother was only alive!" sobbed Angeline, with the tears brimming over again in her brown eyes. "I guess Aunt Charity couldn't treat me as she does now."

The Doctor didn't want to see the girl cry; so he touched Jack, and rode on, recalling how when that same fair-faced Rachel Slocum—the widow of a wild fellow who was accidentally killed when in liquor by a runaway horse—how, when she was lying dead in the old house, Charity had come to the door and called out briskly to save a charge: "You needn't come in, Doctor; Rachel's dead." Charity Slocum had diseased manners, a somewhat common complaint in Fieldsburgh; but Rachel had been the type of gentle and unselfish womanhood.

The barns of the old Slocum place were large and roomy, with good stone foundations and vast mows. But the house was a miserable old red shell, with leaky roof and broken chimneys; a crazy old porch and shed, where the sleepers were rotting underneath. The winter banking of tan-bark never was carted away; and the girls, as the Slocum spinsters were called, had cut down the old shade trees for firewood. A ragged hop-vine clung to the north gable, and there had been a feeble attempt made at a garden. A few bean-poles leaned this way and that in a small patch where the earth had been turned up. Some straggling poppies and bachelor buttons, self-sowed, were growing in the purslane and chickweed of the frowsy front yard.

The sisters, Charity and Patience, were out hanging a few coffee-colored garments on the drying line. Charity was a solid woman, with small gray eyes that twinkled like polished pebbles, and a brown, hard-looking face, engraved with a net work of curiously fine wrinkles. Her dress was an ancient big-flowered chintz, much patched and tucked, so as to show a pair of substantial feet encased in rubbers. Patience, a weazened, bent old woman, was decrepid by reason of a weak will and vacant mind. She looked as if she had been snuffed out somehow, accidentally. When she sat down, she collapsed into a tattered shawl; and she was cold even in the hottest days in summer. All the remnant of mind she had was given to pinching and screwing and saving.

"So Aunt Becky is ailing?" said the Doctor, as he got off his horse and fastened him to the shaky board fence.

"She's as well as I be, I do believe this minute; as able-bodied," returned Charity, tartly, at the same time snapping out something that might have been a pillow-case. "I ain't scart to death about folks when they can eat their regular allowance of victuals. The old lady is out in her mind, and I've said so a good while. I might have put her in a safe place long ago, and saved her board; but the trouble with me is, I'm too tender-hearted for my own good. And for all the thanks I get the old lady sets in that there winder and abuses me like a trooper. She sets the neighbors against me; and that's the way of the world—the more you slave for folks the more kicks and cuffs you get."

"Aunt Becky is an old woman and an odd woman," returned the Doctor, mildly. "She always was an odd woman; but there was something else I had on my mind to say to you, Charity, and I suppose it may as well be said now as ever. There has been an account running between you and me, now hasn't there, for the last twelve or fourteen years, and I've never called for a settlement? That's so, ain't it?"

"I ain't going to dispute it," said Charity, rather glumly; "but I sent you five bushels of corn last fall, and I thought that might pretty nigh square things."

"The corn was mouldy and sour," said the Doctor, looking down on the ground. "My pig even wouldn't eat it."

"I ain't holden for the delercate stummick of your pig," snapped Charity. "Some folks fetch up their pigs so. The corn was good, bright corn when it was sent, and I shall have to charge full price."

"Well," returned the Doctor, with a sigh, "suppose you do; that won't half clear off the account. I was doctoring in your family away back to your father's time."

"Yes, so you was; and Pa died. I don't see how doctors can have the face to ask for any pay when folks die. Pa was a big eater. I allus kep' a telling him he'd go off sudding if he didn't try to curb his appetite. And now its pretty tryin' to have to pay a bill of expense for dead folks. But 'spose I send over some stuff in the fall, and we call things *even*?"

"I need some money," said the Doctor, with hesitation; "or, at least, my wife says I do."

"Wa'l, that beats all!" exclaimed his hard opponent, who was sure to win, turning around and facing the situation. "Here you've been tending on us first and last most twenty year, and sence Pa died you've never asked for a cent of money. I might have took on that young Dr. Pulsifer, as some other folks have. He drives round in a gig dretful smart, and they say can cure anything from a cancer to a flea-bite. But I thought, as you'd been in the family so long, I wouldn't change; I'd run the risk of being physicked to death in the old-fashioned way. And for all the thanks I get you come and ask me to settle in money, when I've always kal-kerlated to pay the minister and doctor such truck as I could spare from the farm."

The Doctor took off his hat and rubbed his bald crown, fringed by a rim of gray hairs. "Well, Charity," said he, drawing himself up with a sort of pathetic pride and dignity that made his voice quiver a little, "we won't contend. I can't quarrel with a woman no way; so I will give you the bill."

"Much obleeged to you, I'm sure," returned Charity, stiffly. "You never made me a present before, and I accept it."

Doctor Eben turned his back and walked into the house, and up-stairs to Aunt Becky's room. The old woman never left her chamber. She had a notion that she was too feeble; but in her own particular domain she danced and pranced about in such fashion that people, seeing her weird figure through the curtainless window, were impressed with the idea that she was crazy. But the near neighbors knew she was just as she had always been. She was a preternaturally lively old woman, and remained one more of a gigantic flea dressed in a short gown and wide-bordered cap than of anything else. She had a singular taste for big doses of medicine, and would have swallowed quarts of picra and pounds of glauber salts if these delicacies had been easy to obtain. She also was in the habit of hiding her things where nobody, including herself, could find them, and of dashing slops out of the front chamber window at every hour of the day. Added to these cheerful habits, Aunt Becky carried on a border warfare against Charity Slocum, who was never able to wholly outwit the sharp old woman. But this was not one of Aunt Becky's field days. She was huddled in bed, under a wretched old blanket. Her face was gray with a prickly sort of stubble over it. Her few white locks had crept into the hollow of her cheeks, and she looked what she was—a crooked, wrinkled, wretched old woman.

"You needn't have waited, Doctor, till I was most a cold corpse," she shrilled out in a high-pitched, quavering voice, when she perceived through her bleared eyes who was standing by her bedside.

"You won't go off this time, Aunt Becky," said the Doctor, cheerily. "Let me feel of your feet. Why, woman alive, they are warm. Nobody ever died with warm feet."

"Yes they did, too," whined Aunt Becky. "There was John Rogers we used to read about in the primmer. He died with warm feet."

The Doctor laughed, and Aunt Becky, who did not like levity, changed the particular huddle in which she lay to something more bunchy.

"You think I'm an old creeter without a atom of sense," snuffed she; "but I tell you I've had a warnin', and I'm going to make a will. I've kep' a putting of it off, for folks say its apt to hasten a body's end; and life is sweet, Eben, even if you do have a gunawin', and a cravin', and cold creepin's, and feeble sinkin's in the pit of your stomach, and are reduced to the condition of a livin' skelerton. The Slocum girls shan't have my property, for I'll spook 'em if they ever get hold of it. An old creeter like me, that hain't got much fat on her bones, can't be kep' alive on slops and pork rinds and cheese parin's. All I want is nourishment; and the other day I took a hanker after some gruel, and Charity sent me up the water an egg had ben biled in. She said it was dretful strength'ning. Sence then I've meant to make a will, if the Lord spared me long enough."

"There's Angeline Brewster," said the Doctor, eagerly. "She's a good girl."

"Yes," piped the old woman; "but fond of kitin'. Girls arn't as stiddy as they was in my time. Her mother was the best of the kit. But you see, if I should give the property to Angeline, Charity Slocum would screw it all out of her. Your boy Oscar has been shinin' round Angeline; and now they say he's took to cutting out graven imidges in stone, a heathenish business, and idolitraous as the Bible says, especially them women folks that hain't got no clothes to their backs. Oscar ought to get into some respectable business."

"I'm afraid he is wedded to his idols," said the Doctor. "And what there is between him and Angeline I can't say; I never meddle with the secret of hearts."

"Hearts," muttered Aunt Becky, from the bed-clothes. "I'm too far away from my young days to pay much heed to hearts; but I do know what it is to have an all-goneness where there ought to be a full stummick. Esau sold his birthright for a mess of porridge. I'd like a full meal afore I go; and I'm most a mind to say I'd deed the wood-lot to anybody that would give me a full meal."

Doctor Eben left a large dose of some harmless medicine to humor the old lady's foible. When he mounted Jack again to ride home, he was like a bird that had tumbled out of the nest into the mire. There was a gangrene and mildew of selfish meanness over life, and the sweet June air seemed laden with the harsh and jarring sounds of human discord; and the world was a great cruel mill, grinding out the bodies and souls of men and women and helpless children. He lifted his shadowed face to the sky, where a light cloud-film like a baby's breath upon a mirror rested, and heaven and earth was so fresh and strong with voices that spoke of the eternal verities the overpowering trust of the man's soul returned upon him like a rush of mighty waters. It was all right with the world; and, like John Wesley, he could no more fret than he could curse and swear. Nothing could fail; no nature could be hopelessly sloughed. He could not explain the web of seeming evil that encompasses life. He could only love and believe. Doctor Eben was so glad of the thought of infinite goodness that floods and floats the world he took off his hat in a sort of quiet ecstasy, and let the wind caress his gray locks, while devout tears welled into his eyes.

The Doctor's house was low and snug. An old Revolutionary "settler," partly of dressed stone, with clapboarded sides, a big outside chimney clapped on like an afterthought, a gable and one end window toward the street. There was a neat little garden, a big cherry tree, and a lean-to shed. A few people, attracted by Mrs. Silverman's bunches of striped grass and life-everlasting and the scent of old-fashioned pinks, had called and asked for summer board; but she always said "No," with a sigh. "Folks couldn't put up with the queer ways of Doctor and Dovey, not to speak of Triphemy, up-stairs, trying to kill herself with contrariness. There wasn't no use thinking of summer boarding."

Mrs. Silverman had been cut out on a big pattern, and she wanted to be forehanded, as smart as her neighbor—"to put the best foot forrard"—to use her own expression; and, having been crossed in these various desires of her heart, she bore the marks of the cross in her face and in her temper. She said she knew that Eben Silverman was a saint; but she wasn't borned into this world to live with saints and angels, principalities and powers, that always had their heads up in the clouds, not knowing what their feet were about. She was painfully conscious that she was made with a back to be clothed and a body to be fed.

I do not say that Mrs. Nancy did not have sore trials with the Doctor. I know she did, and I pity her. She was a tidy, snug-built woman, neat as a pin, with a house that always shone like wax. She came out now, with her checked apron over her head, to meet the Doctor at the gate.

"If you collected that money, you'd better give it right to me for safe keeping," she said, rather tartly.

"I didn't collect it," replied the Doctor, hanging his head; and, what's more, I never shall."

"O, Eben! O, Eben!" was repeated, with a little gurgling laugh; and there, almost under Jack's feet, with her tame chicken, Quirk, stood Dovey. Her frock bore the mark of mud-pies. Dovey was three, going on four, and she had not been born just right. There was something wrong with her spine and the left side, and the Doctor feared there always would be. The little face was sometimes pallid, and the small purse mouth drawn with pain. The tiny hands were very pitiful; but the large violet eyes were brimming and dancing with mischief, and baby-curls of light hair clustered in the plump neck. When Dovey felt well nobody was ever quite so well as this quaint child. The moment the Doctor got off his horse, she flew to his neck, and then there was a "huggin' and kissin' scrape," as Mrs. Nancy called it, between the two which it is in vain to describe. In a minute more Dovey was on Jack's back, flapping the bridle in her scrap of a hand, and Quirk was stepping on behind, with her head bobbing, emitting every now and then a contented little cluck.

Mrs. Nancy still stood in the sun, with her apron over her head. Her face had not cleared, by any means; but as she watched the group a sort of tenderness gathered in her eyes. "It beats all how the Doctor lots on that child," thought she; "and such a grave, wild little creeter, always messin' into some kind of mischief, with that peaky chicken a-tagging after her. She'll never be rugged; and it did seem as though we had enough to drag onto us. And Henry, her father, I always thought, was the best kalkerlated to get along, of any of the boys; and then to think he should have took sick and died away from home. I don't say he could help it, poor boy; but his wife hadn't no relations, nor a cent she could call her own. If there was a woman to be found bare of relations and money, sure a Silverman would get betwattled after her and go and marry her. Thripheny hain't got a drop of vinegar in her disposition. She's as mild as cheese-curd afore it's salted; but she's a nervous, weakly little creeter, with the starch all soaked out of her backbone, and if you go to say a word, she busts out cryin', and has to go and lie down up chamber with a sick headache."

Such was Mrs. Nancy's unuttered soliloquy; and, as she turned and went into the house, she glanced up at Triphemy's chamber window, where a little short white curtain was fluttering. "Warn't born for nothing on earth but to curl her hair and stick a posy in it," thought she, with a sigh.

The Doctor's easy-chair stood on the front porch, under an abundant Virginia creeper, that cast flickering, mottled shadows. It sagged in the seat, and was broad of girth, so to speak, with a large brown indenture, where the good man's head had rested many a time; and oft through the open door could be seen the spotless kitchen, with every tin shining so bright you could see your face in it. Each side of the mantle-jam was a tall closet, which Harry in his schooldays had named respectively Bab el Mandel and Terra del Fuego. The Doctor's favorite volumes he kept in Bab el Mandel appropriately enough, for the pursuit of knowledge led him into divers straits. Now he changed his shoes at the threshold, an offering to her Penates Mrs. Nancy always exacted; and, with a shame-faced, guilty air, approached the cupboard and drew from it one of the oldest of his books, a yellow-leaved, black-covered folio, and then, ensconced in his old easy-chair, all sights and sounds of an outward nature were swept away.

Dovey played around him in her own way, and tied his long legs up with strings, fastening two chairs to him for a stage-coach, with a tooling of horns most wonderful. He was respectively a cow, a horse, a dromedary, and an elephant, all with appropriate noises; and still he stirred not.

Quirk, the tame chicken, had pecked about and walked more than once into the kitchen, to be shooed out by Mrs. Nancy in no gentle tone. The Doctor's dame had slammed cellar door and the buttery door, she had rattled the handle of the pump, and put the pie-board and rolling-pin on the table with a bang; and at last, being quite unable to endure it any longer, she went and planted herself squarely before her offending lord.

"Eben Silverman," she began in an explosive tone of voice, "you be the greatest man to sit down and kinder keel up on Providence I ever did see. There's hundreds of dollars owing you all over this town; and I do believe you'd stay there, glued to your chair, with your nose poked in that old book, for a week, if there wasn't a mouthful of victuals cooked in the house."

"I was reading some of the thoughts of Plato, Nanny—Plato, who has been called the divine."

"What do I care for your Platos? It's potatoes I'm thinking about, and there ain't enough in the bin to last more than a week."

"Then don't fret for a week, Nanny."

"I've been looking into the flour-barrel; and, unless I'm mistaken, in two days' time there won't be the scraping of a thimbleful left."

"Now, Nancy, what makes you go poking about, looking into things, and borrowing trouble? Don't it come fast enough of itself, and don't the Bible say 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof'?"

"O Lord!" groaned Mrs. Nancy, as she hurled herself back into the kitchen, "to think there should be such a man made, and to think I should have got him."

It was after supper, and the Doctor had undressed Dovey, and put on her little white night-gown, and her tiny pink feet rested in the hollow of his big hand; and the quaint child and the wise man had talked together about a great white star that came palpitating out of the blush-rose of the sky, and shone through the trees, whether there were little girls, and chickens, and long-tailed monkeys up there. And then they said a little prayer, and Dovey dropped to sleep before she got quite to what she called the hind end of it; and all was still.

Mrs. Nancy had done her dishes and swept the floor; and now she unrolled her sleeves and seated her in the brown summer dusk. "It's kind of affectin' to see them sittin' there locked in each other's arms," she said, half aloud. "There ain't no use getting mad. They are two blessed babies, and there's a third up chamber. It's jest like havin' triplets—a thing I always said no respectable woman would put up with. Be you asleep, Eben?" she added aloud, as the Doctor did not stir.

"No, Nancy," he answered, softly, in a dim sort of way. "I was thanking the Lord for giving us this child."

The long dawn of summer is like a cool arcade, through which the golden-haired Day comes sauntering at her leisure. Mrs. Nancy rose early and went about her work, plying the pump-handle, clattering the covers of the stove, producing besides a number of unusual and peculiar noises. The little widow up in the front chamber had watched for the first pale ray that shone out of the East, when the trees began to whisper together and the birds to sing. She perceived the faint smell of honeysuckle, and it made her sick. She had never known but one great emotion, and that was love for her husband. He had thought the little, nerveless, white-frocked woman beautiful, and had praised her curls and looked into her eyes; and now grief for his loss was slowly consuming her. She hated to be a dead weight hanging upon the old people; but her hands were weak and inefficient. They loved the child—they would care for Dovey and never feel it a burden; but she meant just to lie there and die on Mrs. Nancy's best feather bed, up in the north chamber. So, when Mrs. Nancy threw open the chamber-door and screamed out, "Breakfast is ready," after her manner of announcing meals, the widow did not stir, only to draw the bed-clothes more closely around her warm face.

The child was still asleep; but the Doctor came at call, and even to his senses a peculiarly appetizing odor filled the kitchen. He sat down and removed the cover from a center dish of some prominence, thus displaying a plump, brown, crisp chicken, neatly stuffed and baked.

"Nancy," said he, solemnly, gazing at it, "you don't tell me—it can't be you have cooked Dovey's hen?"

"Yes, I have," said she, bluntly, turning her back on him, and raising the corner of her apron half way to her eye. "I couldn't have that pesky creeter messin' and peckin' around. I wern't brought up in a barn-yard, Ebenezer, if you was A body might as well live in Noah's Ark, among the beast of the field and the fowls of the air. There ain't no sense in humoring every whim that child takes; and, Ebenezer, I knew you hadn't tasted a bit of fresh meat for a week."

"I couldn't eat a mouthful of that chicken, Nancy, if I was starving."

"No more could I," and the corner of the apron traveled to her eye. I ain't no gret hand for meat. I could live on grass, like Nebucudneezzer, all my born days, if my folks weren't so contrary. There's Thripheny up-stairs trying to starve herself. I shall just have to go and bring her down in my arms, like a sick lamb, and pussey round her to coax her to eat a mossle to keep the breath of life in her body."

Mrs. Silverman retreated up the chamber stairs; and the Doctor, hastily rising, wrapped the chicken in a towel, deposited it in one side of his saddle-bags, and, mounting Jack, who stood at the gate, rode away toward Fieldsburgh.

Almost every genuine country neighborhood has one or more natives whom story-tellers point to as not having been ten miles away from the smoke of their own chimney for as many years. The Slocum girls furnished this particular kind of human curiosity for Fieldsburgh; and on the morning in question the village experienced a first-class sensation as they drove through on their way to Burnt Hollow, which was then the terminus of the railroad.

Their vehicle was an antiquated chaise. Patience was almost buried in a black poke bonnet, in which she seemed to rattle about; but Charity had one a little more modern—a gypsy, of large English shape, with numerous bows of gauze ribbon perched upon it. She wore a string of gold beads, and long black silk mitts, and her dress was cut half low in the neck, after the fashion of her girlhood. There was a bait for the horse, which was to stand in the tavern yard at the "Holler," under the seat of the chaise; and Patience carried a bite of something to eat in a brown bead bag on her arm.

Charity drove a good round trot, and reached the "Holler" in time for the 9 A. M. express. The travelers cityward by that early train were somewhat amused in studying the costumes and watching the motions of this singular pair of antique women, who looked as if they had been drawn from the dusty, cobwebbed corner of an old garret.

There was a ferry to cross before they reached the city. And Charity, after making a particular inquiry of the ticket-man, went down the crowded street, pushing and pulling along her sister Patience, and even stopping now and then to set the dilapidated old woman's poke bonnet straight on her head; and thus they disappeared from view.

It was always Charity's amiable custom, when she went from home, to be gone an hour even, to lock up Aunt Becky in her chamber, on the pretense that the old woman was childish, and might get out and meddle with fire. On this particular morning, in the hurry of her departure, Charity failed to find the key to Aunt Becky's room; so she gave Angeline a strict charge to watch the old lady and prevent escapades. Aunt Becky was uncommonly lively that morning. She had rummaged in an old cupboard, and come across a bottle, about a quarter full of something which looked like medicine, and which she drank, saying to herself that it could not come amiss; for, if it didn't go to one spot it would to another, and be sure to hit at least one of her numerous complaints. Nobody knows exactly the nature of this stuff; but it was supposed afterward to have been a strong liniment.

It was still early when Doctor Eben stopped at the door, and delivered to Angeline the book he had promised, and a parcel done up in a clean brown towel for Aunt Becky. Oh! if you could have seen the old lady gloat over poor Dovey's chicken, when it was unrolled to her view. If you could have seen the toothless old crone chuckle and laugh over the prospect of a full meal. She ate a great deal too much for her own good, and then she attached to her window a red streamer, which brought to the house an oakum-headed lad, from one of Deacon Cole's meadows, who sometimes secretly did her errands, and less than an hour after he was dispatched on a mysterious errand Squire Preston rode to the gate, hitched his horse, and went in; while Angeline mounted guard where she could look well down the road that led to Burnt Hollow, and discern anything that appeared like Brown Bess and the old chaise.

The shadows of evening were gathering when a young man, with a small valise in his hand, entered the ferry-house frequented by Fieldsburgh passengers, and took a seat near the door. He had lost the afternoon express, and it annoyed him; for he was of rather an impatient temperament, as could be seen by his reddish beard and hair. But his eyes were a bright blue—large, quick, humorous, and full of expression. Shadows were beginning to fill the rather barn-like room, and the young man's attention was arrested by a peculiar voice in his neighborhood, emanating from a singular old-fashioned bonnet and poured into the black scoop of a withered old woman, as into the mouth of a tunnel.

"Don't be a fool, Patience. I know as well as you do the old lady ain't any more out of her head than she ever was; but she might just as well be down here, living in that nice house we saw to-day, where she'll be took care of like a lady, as to be an expense and drag on us. She ain't crazy; but she is childish, and there's no knowing what notion she might take into to her head. It's better for all concerned."

"Better for all concerned," echoed Patience. "The two men that's coming down day after to-morrow to do the job charged monstrous high, Charity; but its only once in a way, and I guess it won't ruin us. They've got the alfred-davys all reg'ler, and there won't be no ketch about it."

The unusual excitement of the day had brightened up the conversational powers of old Patience.

"Don't speak so loud," said Charity, in a shrill whisper. "Land sakes!" she added, turning to her next neighbor, a gray-haired, mottled-faced old man, "why don't this boat start? We've been waiting here most an hour, and I am afraid we shall lose the train."

"Good gracious! ma'am," snorted the astonished old gentleman, "you ain't aboard of no boat. You are in the ferry-house, and might have sot here till Gabriel blew his trump before it would move. It it's the Dragon Express you allude to, why, that went hard on to an hour ago; and there won't be another train until the nine o'clock accommodation."

"Oh! massy sakes, we have been left!" cried Charity, and she clutched Patience by the arm and hurried out of the room. The young man with the valise went after them, and kept these ancient sisters in his eye until the nine o'clock train was ready to start—and, in fact, all the way to Burnt Hollow, for they were traveling the same way.

It was nearly if not quite midnight when they reached the terminus of the branch road. A late moon had risen and was shining solemnly down on the pine woods and the lonesome track. The young man ordered a bed of the yawning landlord at the red tavern; and, just as he was turning in, he heard the grating of the chaise-wheels which were to convey Charity and Patience back to Fieldsburgh at that late hour, for nothing would induce them to pay a tavern bill.

Our friend with the bright hair and bonny blue eyes overslept himself; and, when he came down in the morning, Boniface, a tall, slab-sided Yankee, with a quid of tobacco in his cheek, was talking to a chunky little fellow in a Scotch cap.

"So the old lady has dropped away, at last. She warn't a professor, was she? They do say she used to carry on like Sam Hill sometimes. It's bad business waiting for dead folks' shoes; but the Slocum girls have been at it now for a good many years. They've got a plaguey sight more than they know what to do with now. They're so tight they'd skin a flea any time for its hide and taller."

"What's the news?" inquired the guest, as he stepped to the bar to pay his bill.

"Why, old Miss Larkins died last night up to the 'Burgh. The Slocum girls, nieces of her'n, went down to the city yesterday, a thing that hain't happened before in a dozen years; and when they got back the old lady was most gone. She ain't a big loss herself—I don't know as there's anybody in particular to mourn for her; but she's left the best piece of property in the township. Our new railroad is going right slap through it; and the company is ready to pay ten thousand dollars down for land to build a depot and machine-shops. Be you acquainted in these parts?"

"Some."

"Wait for breakfast, sir?"

"No, thank you. I'll be pushing on." And the young man paid his bill, and sallied forth down the road through the piny woods that led to Fieldsburgh.

"Pays one well, don't he?" said the young fellow in the Scotch cap, looking after him.

"Blasted if I don't believe that's Dr. Eben Silverman's boy, Oscar," returned the landlord. "It's bothered me ever since he dropped in here last night to know where I'd seen him before. He's raised some brush on his upper lip since he went away, and it's changed him pretty considerable."

That same afternoon, so golden and calm it seemed as though Nature had it in her power to coin only one of the kind, Oscar Silverman was sitting on a mossy log beneath a clump of elms and maples, with running vines curling around his feet and plumy ferns nodding in clusters. The young man was well calculated to enjoy its beauty; but he whistled and tapped his boot with a switch, and looked through the green arch of the tree boughs as if waiting for somebody to come. Presently somebody came in the form of Angeline, with her dark calico dress fluttering around the fine curves of her form and her eyes aglow.

Oscar sprang forward as if he would take her in his arms; and finally he did, and pressed a kiss on her rosy lips.

"O Oscar, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"So I am," said he, trying to look penitent. "You got the little note I scribbled?"

"Yes, and I was so glad to run out of the house. You have heard about poor Aunt Becky? Folks are saying now that she killed herself with a dose of stuff she took yesterday morning. And what do you think, Oscar? Aunt Charity and Aunt Patience went to the city yesterday a-purpose to get papers made out, so that they could put her in an insane asylum. Isn't it too dreadful? The neighbors' women—Deacon Cole's wife and Miss Hosford—are there making the shroud, and whispering about how mean Aunt Charity is; and Aunt Charity has had a time with Squire Preston, and has locked herself up chamber with the borrowed camphor, and Aunt Patience seems to have been struck blind and deaf. I can't breath in that house, it oppresses me so."

"You would like to get away from it, wouldn't you, Angeline?"

"Oh! if I could," returned Angeline, eagerly.

"Well, little girl, you have had a hard row. So have I. But now suppose a poor devil of an artist should ask you to marry him, and go and live up under the roof with the sparrows, where he is busy all day moulding clay. And suppose he had just sold a piece of work, and had good prospects ahead of him, provided he can wrestle with poverty a few years, what would you say to the rascal?"

Angeline drew away from his arm, and gave him an indescribable look. "Suppose," answered she, "there was half of a fortune left to your father, because he was the best man that ever lived, and had doctor'd folks years and years without a cent of pay; and the other half was left to you—well, on condition that you marry an ignorant, raw country girl, that's never had any bringing up"—and then, with a little burst: "Oscar, every word of it is true. Aunt Becky Larkins willed away every cent of her property to your father and you—on condition."

Oscar was overwhelmed; he staggered back against a tree, but he quickly recovered himself, and clasped Angeline to his breast.

"I embrace the condition, my darling; for love is the fulfilling of the law."

It would require another story to tell how near Charity Slocum came to breaking Aunt Becky's will, on the ground of insanity, which numbers of people who had witnessed the old woman's extraordinary behavior were ready to swear to; and I believe the only thing that prevented it, in the end, was Oscar Silverman's testimony relative to a certain conversation he had overheard that day the two maiden sisters visited the city. Angeline Brewster's claim on the old farm made matters easier to settle perhaps, and in the end Charity got only a little more than was lawfully her due.

Now I have a glimpse of Dr. Eben, that steadfast man, unmoved by such accidents as poverty or riches, centered in the unchangeable realities of faith and hope, and grown a little sleeker outwardly, as he rides Jack, who feels his oats now, about on these missions of kindness, that only the recording angel has chronicled. He revels in old black-letter tomes, where he used to nibble painfully at their edges; and there is the child Dovey, with a healthy color coming into her little pallid face, and a host of four-footed and feathered pets, and the great love growing that knits her heartstrings to the heartstrings of

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people, ground down by bad
pression, merciless taxation,
rse religion, are very poor,
toward it, besides a great

Marcellus and wife, of the
yterian Mission in China,
this country, on account of
o expectation of being able
r. L. B. Peet and family, Mrs.
nd three children, with the
rer of Rev. C. Hartwell, have
from that mission. At the
. E. Z. Simmons and wife,
Baptist Society, have arrived
its mission there.

Ministerial Register.

SETTLEMENTS.

Anderson, T. B., Presb., inst., June 14th, at Hopewell, Pa.
Baily, J. Murray, Univ., inst., July 8th, at Titusville, Pa.
Barrows, A. C., Cong., of W. R. College, ord., June 30th, at Kent, O.
Bell, I. D., Cong., ord., June 25th, at Pekin, Ill.
Bickford, Louis P., Freewill Bapt., ord., June 30th, at Northwood, Mc.
Brown, N. H., United Presb., inst., June 20th, at Anamosa, Ia.
Dubbs, Joseph H., Reformed (German), inst., June 18th, in Christ church, Pottstown, Pa.
Fleming, Joseph H., Presb., ord., June 7th, as an evangelist, at Centralia, Pa.
Fraser, John, Cong., inst., June 25th, at Eastern church, Montreal.
Gamble, Joseph, Presb., inst., July 3d, in Poplar-street church, Cincinnati
Greenough, William, Presb., inst., June 20th, in Fourth church, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Handy, W. C., Presb., of Maryland, inst., July 9d, at Esperance, N. Y.
Hodge, D. M., Univ., inst., June 14th, in Duxbury, Conn.
Jones, Henry W., Cong., of Hingham, Mass., inst., July 6th, in Swampscott, Mass.
Moses, George, Univ., of the Delaware Tribe, ord., June 17th, at Fort Dover, Ont.
Sands, Louis C., Bapt., of Greenport, L. I., ord., July 5th, at Pequonnoc Bridge, Conn.
Schwartze, Ernst N., Morav., ord., June 18th, at Fry's Valley, O.
Tenney, W. A., Cong., inst., June 18th, at Astoria, Or.
Warnshuis, J. W., Reformed (Dutch), inst., July 2d, at Marion, N. Y.
White, S. H., Cong., inst., June 28th, at Santa Cruz, Cal.

CALLS.

Andrews, R. D., Bapt, to Corinth, N. Y.
Ballantine, George, Bapt., to Northmore land, Pa.
Bartlett, R. M., Univ., of Galesburg, Ill., to Sencca, Kan.
Barrow, W. J., Epis., of Evanston, Ill., to Huntington, L. I.
Babcock, Daniel H., Cong., of East Falmouth, Mass., to West Townsend, Vt.
Barlow, J. L., Bapt., to Stillwater, N. Y.
Behle, H. W., Presb., to German church at McGregor, Ia.
Bittle, D. H., Luth., of Shepherdstown, Va., to Savannah, Geo.
Briggs, T. P., Bapt., of Charlemont, Mass., to Stoneham, Mass.
Caswell, Robert C., Epis., to Emanuel church, Allegheny City.
Cain, George F., Presb., of Philadelphia, to first church, Springfield, O.
Chandler, S. C., Bapt., of Middlebury, Vt., to First church, Salem, N. Y.
Christy, D. D., United Presb., to Mountville, Pa.
Clark, S. D., Cong., of Provincetown, Mass., to Post Mills, Vt.
Chapell, F. L., Bapt., to Evanston, Ill.
Conant, Charles A., Presb., of Genoa, N. Y., to Pike, N. Y.
Cragin, C. C., Cong., of Owatonna, Minn., to Watertown, Wis. Accepts.
Craig, R. H., Presb., of Princeton Seminary, to Otisville, N. Y.
Dean, Mr., Univ., to Winchester, N. H.
Doolittle, C., Cong., of Lamont, Mich., to Grand Haven, Mich.
Elgin, William, Bapt., of South-street church, Indianapolis, to Knowlesville, N. Y.
Feagles, R. S., Presb., of Sparta, N. J., to Mount Freedom, N. J.
Fitzmaurice, J., Cong., of Pinckney, Mich., to Bridgeport, Mich.
Forest, G. D., Luth., to St. Peter's Mission, Philadelphia.
Gibson, John, Epis., to Trinity church, Covington, Ky.
Harris, William R., Epis., to Lee, Mass.
Heilman, H. L., Luth., to Springfield, O.
Hibbard, George P., Univ., of Syracuse, to Little Falls, N. Y.
Howell, H. B., Univ., to Branchport, N. Y.
Huntington, Jas., Bapt., of Bucyrus, O., to Niles, Mich.
Ijams, Mr., Cong., of Iowa Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, to Iowa City, Ia.
James, John, Presb., of Lancashire, England, to State-street church, Albany, N.Y.
Johnson, Dr., Presb., of New Washington, Ind., to Petersburg, Ind.
Jordan, A. L., Bapt., of Chicago Seminary, to Coventry-street church, Chicago.
Kuyon, A., of New Rutland, Ill., to Union, Wis.
Knapp, A., Bapt., of Princeton, to Lostant, Ill.
Landrigge, R. J., Bapt., of Chicago, to Columbus, Wis.
Lewis, G. W., Bapt., of Kaneville, Ill., to Mechanicsville, Ia.
Lockwood, John H., Presb., of Troy, N. Y., to Canastota, N. Y.
Lail, A., Bapt., of West Springfield, Pa., to Marathon, N. Y.
Mack, John, Presb., of Auburn, Kan., to Anaheim, Cal.
McGeown, James, Presb., of Willmar, Minn., to Taylor's Falls, Minn.
Mellish, John H., Cong., to North Scituate, Mass.
Miller, S. O., Epis., to Milford, Ct.
Moro, F., Bapt., of Michawaka, to Warsaw, Ind.
Noble, W. B., Presb., of Fort Madison, Ia., to Second church, Mattoon, Ill.
Partridge, E., Univ., of Natick, Mass., to Walpole, Mass.
Peckman, C. B., Freewill Bapt., to South Parsonsfield, Me.
Pillsbury, Stephen, Bapt., of West Newton, Mass., to Lee, Mass.
Proctor, George, Univ., to Ashland, Mass.
Rainey, James, Bapt., to Tunkhannock, Pa.
Raymond, C. H., Presb., of Oxford, O., to Seventh church, Indianapolis, Ind.
Redlon, A., Freewill Bapt., to Cong. and Free Will Bapt. church in Dexter, Me.
Romine, E. C., Bapt., to Eleventh church, Philadelphia.
Scott, George, Presb., to Tarentum, Pa.
Scovel, Dwight, Presb., of East Meadow, to Marcellus, N. Y. Accepts.
Spencer, F. M., United Presb., to First church, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Spencer, J. G., Cong., of Hillsboro', Ill., to Harristown, Ill.
Stott, Arthur, Bapt., of Eureka, Ia., to Columbus City, Ia.
Thomas, B. D., Bapt., of Pittston, Pa., to Fifth church, Philadelphia.
Tydeman, Charles H., Unit., of Cambridge, to Bucksport, Me.
Vance, S. E., Presb., to Granville, Ill.
Wells, M. H., Cong., of Lyndon, Vt., to Lower Waterford.

REMOVALS.

Abel, Alfred M., Epis., of Mount Hope, Pa.
Austin, Franklin, Cong., of Prospect Isle, Me.
Baldwin, J. D., Cong., of Kokomo, Ind.
Bennett, J. M., Bapt., of Muncie, Ind.
Brayton, George, Presb., of Norwood, N. Y.
Bridgeman, Mr., Presb., of Williamstown, N. J.
Brown, L. C., Univ., of Bristol, N. Y.
Church, Selecta, Cong., of Somerset, Mass.
Curtis, Edward H., Presb., of Lacon, Ill.
Dickinson, O. C., Bapt., of Twelve-Mile Grove, Ill.
Dunnett, S., Bapt., of Centerville, Mich.
Edwards, Jonathan, D.D., Presb., of Second church, Baltimore, Md.
Ferguson, G. W., Epis., of Waterford, N. Y.
Gilbert, S. B., Bapt., of Marshall, Mich.
Gloyd-Keun, J. L., D.D., Presb., of Zion church, Charleston, S. C.
Hamlin, E. H., Bapt., of Ceresco, Mich.
Harding, J. McAlpin, Epis., of Pelham, N. Y.
Heaton, William S., Epis., of Manheim, Pa.
Henderson, J. M., United Presb., of Winfield, Ia.
Hewett, E. A., Bapt., of Lower Providence, Pa., to Ill health.
Howard, Henry R., Epis., of Milford, Ct.
Parks, H. H., Bapt., of Brighton, Ia. Ill health.
Patton, W. A., Presb., of Cambridge City, Ind.
Richie, William M., United Presb., of Crawfordsville, Ia.
Roberts, H. P., Cong., of Council Bluffs, Ia.
Smith, Wilder, Cong., of Hanover-street church, Milwaukee.
Thomas, C. W., Epis., of St. Phillip's church, Atlanta, Ga.
Wade, N. E., United Presb., of Washington, Ia.
Waterbury, R. A., Bapt., of Belfast, N. Y.
White, James C., Cong., of Oakwood, Ill.

DEATHS.

Carlisle, Hugh, Presb., 71, of Rootstown, O., June 22nd.
Forbes, John Irving, Epis., of New York, June 25th.
French, John W., D.D., Epis., professor of ethics at Wesleyan, N. Y., July 8th.
Howard, W., D.D., Presb., 54, of Aurora, N. Y., July 1st.
Morgan, John, Protestant Meth., of Warsaw, Md., June 17th.
Neville, Dr., Epis., of Hamilton, Canada, July 4th.
Pierce, George E., D.D., Presb., 77, ex-president of Western Reserve College, at Hudson, O.
Walker, B. M., Meth., 40, of Bolton, Mass.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Barstow, F. O., Epis., is going to establish a mission at Las Cruces and Mesilla, New Mexico.
Buel, Samuel C., D.D., Epis., is elected professor of systematic divinity in the seminary at New York.
Conantz, Jacob., Presb., has been elected professor in the German Seminary at Dubuque, Ia.
Emerson, J. W., Judge, of St. Louis, is about to enter the ministry of the Episcopal Church.
Frisk, L. L., Bapt., of Wankon, Ga., has gone to the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, as a missionary among the Swedes.
Hall, R. C., Epis., is elected professor of Hebrew in the General Seminary, New York.
Hepburn, A. P., Presb., has been elected president of Miami University, O.
Pattison, R. E., Bapt., is elected vice-president of the University of Chicago.
Potwin, L. S., Cong., of Boston, is appointed a professor in Western Reserve College.
Porter, Noah, D.D., Cong., of Yale College, is elected president of the same.
Twombly, John H., Meth., of Boston, is elected president of Wisconsin University.
Vermon, Dr., Meth., has gone to Italy, to open an American mission at Genoa.

Our Young Folks.

A BIRD SONG.

A LITTLE bird sat singing aloft on a maple-tree,
Because he was as happy as happy could be.
He had a little wife, in a little round nest,
And four little eggs cuddled close beneath her breast.

So he sang: "Oh! how pleasant this blithe spring day,
With the sunshine all around and the green leaves at play!
The winter snows are gone and the winter winds at rest,
And I've *four little eggs* in a tiny little nest!

"'Tis the nicest little nest that ever you did see,
And the dearest little wife sitting in it, all for me;
And the prettiest little eggs, all speckled blue and white!
So, no wonder that my heart is just bursting with delight.

"We built it safe and strong, my little wife and I,
With sticks and with moss we made it snug and dry,
And with wool from the hedge-rows she lined the little nest,
Till 'tis almost as soft as her own sweet breast.

"And my little wife says that, if all goes well,
A little bird will come out of each speckled shell!
I don't know much about it; but *she* seems to know,
And she's such a little darling I'm sure it must be so.

"So she sits on the eggs, to keep them all warm;
And I sit out here, to guard the nest from harm;
And she likes to hear me sing as she sits on the nest,
With those four little eggs cuddled close beneath her breast."

L.

BERTIE'S BOIL.

BY MEHETABLE SAYBROOK.

"WHERE are you going, Aunt Katy?"
"To pick some blackberries for tea."
"Mayn't I go, too, Aunty?"

Little yellow curly-head looked very forlorn and wistful, sitting there, alone, on the back doorstep. Poor little Bertie! Those were sorrowful times for the small boy, for Bertie had a boil. You need not laugh. It was no laughing matter to him. If he moved, he was sure to hurt himself; and, if he kept still, some person or thing would be sure to hit and hurt him. I don't know that he was ever safe except in bed; and even then the unfortunate child would persist in rolling out on the floor with a thump, and then—well, I do believe George Washington himself would have cried if he had tumbled out of bed with a boil.

Bertie did try to be good through it all. He would bite his lips and run out of the room when a bigger hurt than usual came to him. He would try to play; but it was in such a forlorn way, laughing one moment, crying the next, that the crying was pretty sure to get the best of it. So, when the little fellow looked up with sorrowful face, Aunt Kate hesitated.

"I am going away off where Fred goes for sand; and it is a long walk for our little lame boy."

"But, Aunty," plead Bertie, "I went there this morning; and it will ache anyway."

"True fact, Bertie! Come, then, my man of men, and we'll pick berries enough for a regiment."

On went Aunt Kate and Bertie; slowly, for the little lame leg did not like to move fast. They found the berries at last—big, black, and luscious; but neither their beauty nor sweetness could comfort the child. He grew more and more tired, and at last tripped on a blackberry vine and fell, howling.

"Up again, Bertie!" called Aunty, as she heard him cry.

"Oh! Aunty, it hurts so!"

"I am afraid it does, dear. I am sorry," said Aunty, picking away with might and main at the berries; for she did want to fill the basket for tea. Pretty soon she heard a big sigh, and, turning around, saw the little eight-year-old sitting on the grass, with big tears falling, who sobbed out:

"Sorry don't do any good. It's all broke, Aunty, and hurts dreadfully."

"We'll go home, then," said Aunty.

Little Bertie got up and limped along, painfully, to the first fence.

"Now, Bertie," said Aunty, "hold the basket till I climb over." "There, give it to me, now." She put it on the grass. "Put your foot there, the other here, arms around Auntie's neck; so—over. That was not very bad, was it?"

"Not very. Pretty." And Bertie sat on the grass to rest. When he saw Aunt Kate take her basket, he tried to rise, but sat back with a cry.

"Oh! I can't go home. I just can't, Aunt Katy."

"Don't give up yet, old fellow," and she held out her hand and helped the boy up. But at the first step the poor little face got into such a snarl that Aunty could not bear it; so she said, after a good look at the house, off in the distance:

"Let us play horse, Bertie. You shall be wagon and driver both. Now, wagon, hold the berries for supper safe. Don't dare spill. Now we'll harness the horse to the wagon." She lifted him in her arms. "Are you all right—comfortable? Hold tight around my neck. It does not hurt?"

"Not much," said Bertie.

"We'll go, then. Get up, pony!"

Over the field went the queer horse and wagon; and, strange to say, on, in at the back door, straight up-stairs to Mamma's room, where the horse stopped, and said:

"Here is a little boy with a broken boil, who wants it dressed quickly, so it may get well."

And the wagon found its tongue, and said:

"Yes, Mamma, it's broke dreadful."

Aunt Kate gently put the boy in a chair, while Mamma quickly laid aside her book and drew her chair to his side.

"Now, Bertie," said Mamma, "you will be brave?"

"Oh, Mamma, will it hurt?" said Bertie, with lips all a quiver.

"Yes, Bertie," answered Mamma, who by this time had everything ready for the surgical operation.

"Bad, Mamma?"

"Yes, very bad, Bertie."

"Must you, Mamma?" very pitiful, with tears a-tumbling.

"Yes, darling, Mamma must. You want it to get well soon, don't you? Remember your hero book, and be my Spartan. I won't touch, Bertie, till you say 'Now.'"

There was a long pause, broken with sighs and short sobs; then one long-drawn breath, and Bertie shouted, "Now, Mamma, now!" ending in a scream of agony, as Mamma promptly answered the signal.

"There, it is all over, Bertie. Look at Aunt Kate. She is crying, too." Bertie lifted his wet face and began to smile. "Why, Aunty?" Then, turning to his mother, with face still quivering, but half quizzical withal, asked between his sobs: "Mamma, did Job's boils have to be squeezed?"

"Ask your Papa," said Mamma. "He reads Job in the original, and is better posted in all critical points than your mother, who only reads the vernacular."

"What does Mamma mean, Aunt Kate? Did they?"

"Never you mind about Job's," said Aunty. "Yours did. That is enough to learn in one day. Come, now, and help Aunty pick over the berries."

"And you will tell me a story?"

"Yes, anything to celebrate the funeral obsequies of your Job's comforter."

"I wish you and Mamma wouldn't use such big words."

"Well, I won't, if you will only promise to put the berries into the dish, instead of in your mouth. Take the basket, dearie, and come."

So Aunt Kate and Bertie, limping like a war hero, went to the back door with basket and dishes, and seated themselves most comfortably for a story.

"Now, Aunty," said Bertie, "we are all ready. Begin."

"Well, once upon a time there was a little girl, and people called her Little Gritty."

"What did they call her that for?"

"You wait, and you will find out. She was a brave little thing. Her father was poor, and the family lived in a little red house not far from the seashore. She was the oldest child, and had a brother and two sisters. When she was no older than you are, her mother died. It was dreadfully sad and still in the house, and nobody wanted even to think of smiling again. When they came and told Little Gritty that her mother was dead, she wanted to run over the hill, down into the woods, and throw herself on the ground all alone and cry; but she heard the children fretting, and knew they were hungry and lonesome and wanted their mother. So she only ran out in the back kitchen and hid her head in the crash-roller, and turned round and round, and twisted her poor little face up in the towel. There weren't more than two tears to wipe away, for she had no time to cry; but she tried to rub the ache all out of her face. Then she gave the children their supper, undressed them, and put them to bed, with so sweet and still a face that the little ones saw no pain in it—no, not one bit; and the baby went to sleep with its little arm around her neck. Then she undressed in the dark, and crept into bed with hot, tired eyes, for father must not hear her crying. But she rubbed her face once more on the roller, and smoothed it out a little before she went to sleep. That roller was Gritty's comfort. She did not have a room all to herself, as many children do, where she could go alone and say her prayers. So Gritty's prayers were short, and went up from the roller. The child was a brave housekeeper, and tried to be a little mother to the other children, and they loved her dearly. She was a comfort to her father, for she always rubbed all the snarls out of her face before he came home, and had sunshine for him. True, she had some hard days. Her brother would tease and her sisters would fret. But on those days she gave the roller an extra twist, and rubbed her face till it fairly shone; and that twist and rub somehow affected the whole household, and the darkest face shone with light borrowed either from Gritty's sunshine or from the magical roller.

"But why did they call her 'Little Gritty'?" asked Bertie.

"One day," said Aunty, "she climbed the tree in the yard, for the children wanted the apples. Some way, I can't tell just how, she slipped and fell; and when she picked herself up from the ground her arm was broken, and dangled up and down when she tried to move it."

"I guess she cried then, Aunty," said Bertie.

"No, she did not cry at all; but went into the house laughing because it looked so funny, bobbing up and down. Her father ran for the doctor. Her brother Tom stood close by her, half-frightened, while Little Gritty, who, dreading the doctor, had begun to rub at the roller with her one manageable hand, said: "Now, don't you fret, Tom. I don't mind." Soon the doctor came, and pulled and twitched the poor little arm, hurting it dreadfully. But Little Gritty never cried through it all, though once, when she looked up and saw her father scowling, as if it hurt him, and Tom winking very hard, a great lump came into her throat; but she swallowed it quickly and kept her face as clear as a June sky. When her father left the room, she drew a long breath, turned to Tom, and said: 'I was most glad Mamma was not here. 'Twould have hurt her.' Tom, who had been shutting his teeth tight through it all, threw his arms around her neck and said, 'You dear Little Gritty!' and ran out of the room. After that the name stuck to her."

"Go on, Aunty. What became of her?"

"She grew up a brave little woman. Her husband was a sea-captain, and she liked his ship better than any snug home on shore, so she went with him to sea. She was shipwrecked three times.

"True, Aunty?"

"Honest, true, Bertie. And the last time she saved her husband's life."

"How, Aunt Kate?"

"There was a fearful storm. The good ship broke in pieces and then went down; and there was only a little boat out on the great ocean, with no land in sight, the big waves, the salt sea below, and black clouds above. There they stayed day after day, till they had nothing to eat. Then the sun came out hot, and they had nothing to drink.

"Didn't she cry then, Aunt Kate?"

"No, she put the ache out of her face; and just watched her captain, and did not fret."

"He should have watched and saved her. I would."

"He was brave enough, Bertie. But he had lost his ship and all his men but just a few, and they and his wife were starving, and he could do nothing; and it made him crazy. He grew mad at last. Gritty, not afraid, watched him every minute. At last he sprang up wildly, and tried to jump into the sea. But she threw her arms tight round his neck, saying: 'I go, too. You won't drown me, your Little Gritty? No, you won't drown me.' He just fell back, crying, in the boat. That day they saw a sail, and a ship came and took them home."

Bertie gave a long restful sigh, and after a pause said:

"Aunt Kate, if I should go to the crash-roller in the kitchen, and rub real hard, like Gritty, do you think I could rub the ache out of my face?"

"You might try, next time, and see."

"But, Aunt Kate, you don't cry, and you don't rub your face in the roller. Don't you ever get hurt? What do you do?"

"I? You want to know?" Aunty's face grew sober. "I say my prayers, like Gritty; and I will tell you a secret, Bertie. I know, for certain true, that there won't come any ache, big or little, but is for the best, somehow."

The berries were all picked over, and Bertie, taking the baskets, hobbled on to the kitchen; then, bobbing his face in the roller as he passed, turned to Aunt Kate with a nod, and marched on bravely, with a very small limp and a very sunny face.

GALESBURG, ILL.

A PROSY lay member of the church rose in meeting and said: "My friends, the Devil and I have been fighting for more than twenty minutes. He told me not to speak to-night; but I determined that I would. He even whispered that I spoke too often, and that nobody wanted to hear me. But I was not to be put down that way; and, now that I have gained the victory, I must tell you all that I have in my heart." Then followed a tedious harangue. Coming out of the session-room, the good pastor inclined his head so that his mouth approached the ear of the brilliant member, and whispered: "Brother, I think the Devil was right."

Pebbles.

At one of Peter Cartwright's camp-meetings he was much annoyed by a noisy sister, who "took part" more frequently than was acceptable. He had called on all to kneel while some one should lead in prayer. She struck off at once with much feeling and power. Cartwright, not recognizing her voice, shouted out "Amen!" A brother kneeling close by whispered: "It's Ann Jordan praying." Cartwright, looking round and seeing that it was so, cried out: "*I take that Amen back!*"

....An apothecary's boy was lately sent to leave at a house a box of pills, and at another six live fowls. Confused on the way, he left the pills where the fowls should have gone, and the fowls at the pill place. The folks who received the fowls were astonished at reading the accompanying directions: "Swallow one every two hours."

....Cornelius O'Dowd says that in England a man meets a marvelous energy and "go" that he finds nowhere else. "I, of course, except America," he says, "for with us we work life at a high boiler pressure; but the Yankees do more—they sit on the valves."

....An Indianapolis German had occasion recently to bury a large wife, and so squabbled with the sexton about the fee. "But ish not a big grave," said the disconsolate husband. "Not a big grave!" indignantly responded the sexton; "why, bless you, that's a cellar!"

....A poet who is prematurely bald excuses it in this ingenious and complimentary manner: "Baldness," he says, "is only a proof of politeness paid to the beautiful sex. Is it not the duty of a gentleman always to uncover his head in the presence of a lady?"

....."How are you to-day?" asked the benevolent Dr. P. of one of his Irish patients, at Guy's Hospital. "Faith, Doctor," groaned the poor fellow, "I'm that bad that if anny one was to tell me I was clane dead I'd not be surprised at all at all."

....An Irish girl who plumed herself on being employed in a "genteel family" was asked a definition of the term. "Where they have two or three kinds of wine and the gentlemen swear," was the reply.

....The severest thing said against Eve's daughters was by Lady Mary Wortly Montague: "The only satisfaction I have in being a woman is that I shall not be compelled to marry one of my own sex."

...."Do you think," asked Mrs. Pepper, "that a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?" "Certainly not, ma'am," replied a gallant philosopher; "it is a good thing, and she ought never to lose it."

...."Look here, Captain," said Alderman Cowdin, addressing a colored brother, the other day, "I know you are a Democrat." "Golly, no, mister! Dis darkey can read!"

....A lazy fellow once declared in a public company that he could not find bread for his family. "Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic. "I am obliged to work for it."

...."Don't beat your carpets," says a humanitarian; "try kindness and firmness, and, if that don't keep them down, send for a policeman and have them taken up."

....A clergyman of Connecticut, famous for the numbers of people he has married, is called by a Hartford editor "an Izaak Walton in the waters of matrimony."

...."My dear doctor," said a lady, "I suffer a great deal with my eyes." "Be patient, madame," he replied; "you would probably suffer a great deal more without them."

....The chaplain of the Iowa State Prison was asked by a friend how his parishioners were. "All under conviction," was the reply.

The Independent.

Its Extensive Circulation in All Parts of the Country.

THE following facts and figures taken from our mail-books prove most conclusively that THE INDEPENDENT is the best advertising medium in the country. We stand ready to verify the same to any advertiser who doubts the accuracy of our statement. We are *astonished ourselves* at this revelation of unparalleled facts and figures made in a recent examination. Advertisers will also bear in mind that THE INDEPENDENT probably circulates — through news agents, to whom we make large sales—in many places not mentioned on our mail-books. We do not believe that any single newspaper in the State of Massachusetts, either secular or religious, goes into so many towns or to so many post-offices in that state as does THE INDEPENDENT; and the same, we believe, is true of Illinois, and also of *every other Northern State*. In other words THE INDEPENDENT has a wider territorial circulation in each of the Northern States than any other journal, either local or foreign. If a business man, therefore, in Boston or Chicago, wants to communicate with the public in his *own state and vicinity*, THE INDEPENDENT, as will be seen, is by far the best medium. Our crowded advertising columns conclusively show that business men in all directions already appreciate our ability to aid them, and we are not afraid to refer indiscriminately to thousands of such in New York and elsewhere.

We mean it shall not be our fault if THE INDEPENDENT does not go to every post-office in the country. In other words, we mean to merit the patronage of all good people in every direction.

The following figures show the number of post-offices to which THE INDEPENDENT is now sent in the several states mentioned:

STATE.	Total Number of Post-offices in the States mentioned.	No. of Post-offices to which THE INDEPENDENT is sent weekly.
MAINE	790	419
NEW HAMPSHIRE	395	264
VERMONT	446	295
MASSACHUSETTS	666	619
RHODE ISLAND	96	89
CONNECTICUT	392	385
NEW YORK	2,602	2,003
NEW JERSEY	486	315
PENNSYLVANIA	2,566	1,317
OHIO	1,943	1,017
INDIANA	1,257	407
IOWA	1,017	535
ILLINOIS	1,523	887
WISCONSIN	986	493
MICHIGAN	890	610
MINNESOTA	535	216
KANSAS	331	227
CALIFORNIA	440	141
MISSOURI	1,006	234
NEBRASKA	134	77

In the above named twenty States the figures show that THE INDEPENDENT *is sent to 10,615 post-offices.*

HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
NOVEMBER 19th, 1870

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EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM CABINET OFFICERS.

From Secretary Seward.

WASHINGTON, 25 May, 1866.

I beg you to accept my thanks for the fine engraving you have sent me of Mr. Carpenter's picture, "The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation." It is a vivid presentation of the scene, with portraits of rare fidelity to nature.

The engraver has been singularly successful in copying it, without impairing or detracting from its excellence in these points.

Faithfully yours,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

From Chief-Justice Chase (late Secretary of the Treasury).

WASHINGTON, May 1st, 1866.

I have just received the fine engraving of your "Emancipation Proclamation" picture. I do not see that improvement is possible.

Accept my congratulations on your complete success.

As always, your friend,
F. B. CARPENTER, Esq. S. P. CHASE.

From Secretary Stanton.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, }
May 22, 1866.

Accept my thanks for the artist proof of your admirable painting of "The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation before the Cabinet."

The work is, in every respect that I am capable of judging, entirely satisfactory, and worthy of national admiration, as a fitting commemoration of Mr. Lincoln's great deed.

Yours, truly,
EDWIN M. STANTON.

From Secretary Welles.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, }
May 5th, 1865.

The Engraving, I am happy to see, is amply commended. Some parts are excellent, and all well done.

Some feeling of sadness when I saw it came over me the first great and good man who so interested himself for you, and whom we all love.

Very truly yours,
GIDEON WELLES.

From Secretary McCulloch.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, May 3d, 1866.

The Engraving is a very elegant one. I have no doubt the picture will be generally approved and greatly admired.

I am, very truly yours,
HUGH McCULLOCH.

From Hon. Edward Bates, late Attorney-General of the United States.

The individual portraits are very life-like. Indeed, I have never seen a group of seven or eight figures all of which so truly presented the originals.

The execution seems to me excellent, and, without any opinion of mine, my dear sir, your work is a *manifest* success.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
EDWARD BATES.

From Postmaster-General Dennison.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 3d, 1866.

It gives me very great pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of the admirable engraving from your painting of the picture of "The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation before the Cabinet," by our late lamented President.

The approving judgment of the country of the merit of the picture, and the justness of its association with Trumbull's "Declaration of Independence," as a great national painting, which has been so universally conceded, cannot fail to commend the engraving to every truly patriotic American citizen.

Yours truly,
W. DENNISON

From Secretary Harlan.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, }
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 7, 1866. }

I take great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of Ritchie's Engraving from your beautiful painting.

Trusting, my dear sir, that you may live long to enjoy the fruits of your eminent talent, I am truly yours,

JAMES HARLAN.

From Attorney-General Speed.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S OFFICE, }
WASHINGTON, May 17, 1866. }

In your great picture you have succeeded in bringing out and making the faces show their thoughts. You have not sunk the natural in the heroic, a fault so common that it must be difficult for an artist to avoid it. The attributes of the picture make it rank with one of the grandest and most beautiful achievements of art that I have ever seen.

The engraving is admirably executed.

Truly yours, JAMES SPEED.

From Senator Fessenden, late Secretary of the Treasury.

WASHINGTON, May 17, 1866.

I have received the Engraving from your picture of "The First Reading." It is admirably done, both in points of finish and faithfulness, and I prize it highly.

Yours, truly, W. P. FESSENDEN.

From Assistant-Secretary Seward.

WASHINGTON, May 19, 1866.

GENTLEMEN:—I beg you to accept my thanks for your admirable engraving of Mr. Carpenter's "First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation."

The fidelity of its portraits enhances the historical interest derived from the subject of the picture.

It must be as gratifying to Mr. Carpenter to find his great work so accurately and beautifully reproduced as it is gratifying to others to find it in a form which permits it to be seen and appreciated everywhere throughout the world. Yours, truly,

F. W. SEWARD.

From George B. Baker, Editor of Seward's Works, and Agent of the State Department.

WASHINGTON, April 30, 1866.

I never did see a more lovely and prize a picture as I do Carpenter's, as engraved by Ritchie. How it grows on me! Everybody who knows anything of art or of the subject is as enthusiastic as I am over the picture. And I observe that the more cultivated the observers are the more they admire it. The Secretary of State and his family are among those who are least stinted in their praise of it as a perfect work of art. Sincerely yours,

GEO. E. BAKER.

We now desire to make public proclamation to our hundreds of thousands of readers in this and other lands that we have

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FIFTY THOUSAND STEEL ENGRAVINGS

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☞ All communications for the Editorial Literary, News, and Miscellaneous Columns of this Journal should be addressed to **The Editor of The Independent, P. O. Box 2787.**

☞ All communications for the Commercial Department to the Commercial Editor; and all business communications from subscribers and advertisers, to **Henry C. Bowen, Box 2787.**

☞ No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for any views or opinions expressed in the communications of our Correspondents.

☞ Manuscripts sent to THE INDEPENDENT cannot be returned.

The Independent.

HENRY C. BOWEN,

EDITOR, PUBLISHER, AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, July 20th, 1871.

THE MOB STORM IN NEW YORK.

We went to press last week with New York City virtually capitulated to an Irish Catholic mob, and so announced to our readers, indignant at the spectacle, and ashamed of the city whose conduct made it a libel upon the word INDEPENDENT. At that moment we could not anticipate the scenes of the next thirty-six hours; yet time has revealed them, and with them given millions a theme worthy of the soberest thought.

The facts which finally culminated in a mob, and a very considerable destruction of human life, briefly summarized, are substantially as follows:

For at least two weeks before the 12th of July, it was known to the civil authorities of the City and State of New York that the Orangemen designed to celebrate the day in their usual manner, by marching through the streets of the city, and repairing to pic-nic grounds selected for this purpose. It was equally well known that large bodies of Irish Catholics had organized and armed themselves with the avowed intention of breaking up the procession by deeds of violence. The Orangemen proposed to exercise the right which the law guarantees to them, as against all forms of rufflanism, and which had hitherto never been denied to any class of peaceable citizens. The Irish Catholics, on the other hand, who had banded themselves together as a mob in prospect, demanded that the procession should not take place; and, without any authority of law, or any right except that which ruffians and murderers claim, prepared themselves to contest the question by physical force. The man who cannot see the right and the wrong as between these two parties we dismiss as either a fool or a knave, and hence waste no words upon him.

The threatening aspect of affairs led the Catholic clergy in New York and Brooklyn, Sabbath before last, to warn their flocks, and earnestly entreat them to let the Orangemen entirely alone; and in this respect they acted wisely, alike as citizens and as religious teachers. The civil authorities, however, though fully apprised of the impending peril, took no steps to meet the emergency, until Tuesday morning, the day immediately preceding that of the proposed celebration; and then, as if waking up from a dream of the most stupid imbecility, they did the thing which was alike a disgrace to themselves, to the City of New York, and to the whole genius of our political institutions. Superintendent Kelso, acting under the authority of Mayor Hall, issued an order expressly prohibiting the Orange procession, and directing the police to arrest it if attempted. This was to all intents and purposes a complete surrender to the mob spirit, and a virtual confession that the authorities would not or could not defend the peace of the city against lawless violence. It was a surrender without even an effort to strike a blow; and it was, moreover, dictated by purely *political* considerations, by a wonderful mistake in judgment. These Catholic rowdies were the political supporters of the Democratic authorities in the City of New York, and the latter dare not offend the former in discharging an official duty.

Just at this moment, when the demands of a threatened mob seemed triumphant, and law and order, now represented by the outraged rights of the Orangemen, lay bleeding in the dust, public sentiment came to the rescue. The official poltroons, who had been cowed by Catholic Irishmen, now found themselves faced by the stern moral sense of the community, condemning their act in the strongest manner. The press spoke with almost absolute unanimity; and men as they went to their business on the morning of Tuesday, felt that a cloud of the deepest dishonor was resting upon the great metropolis of the nation. Had it come to this, that those who professed to govern the city were themselves governed by a horde of ignorant Irish Catholics? Was such the state of things in New York under Democratic misrule? This was the question that stirred the blood of the people as it had not been stirred since the fall of Fort Sumpter. The uprising of popular feeling was as sudden and overwhelming as it was creditable to the public heart.

It was, moreover, this spontaneous burst of feeling, and not the merits of the question or the principle involved, that compelled the authorities entirely to reverse their own action. Cringing before the mob, they now equally cringed before the burning indignation of the people. Superintendent Kelso's order was reversed at a late hour on Tuesday evening, and the change of programme announced to the public on Wednesday morning; and with this came the proclamation of Governor Hoffman, declaring that the procession would be permitted and defended at all hazards against the rioters. We wish to do no injustice to Governor Hoffman; yet the fact that he was in the City of New York on Monday, that he was fully apprised of the threatened peril, that he sent a member of his staff to Mayor Hall in order to ascertain what was proposed by the city authorities, and that he then left for Albany, can hardly leave any doubt as to whether he then knew the plan agreed upon which was revealed on Tuesday morning, and which, if he knew it, he virtually accepted. It is very remarkable that he should leave the city at all under such critical circumstances. Did he withdraw from the scene as a *politician* in order to escape the responsibilities of chief magistrate? Be this as it may, public feeling as disclosed on Tuesday wheeled "the powers that be," including Governor Hoffman, into line, and demonstrated the political necessity of reversing the order published on the morning of this day.

A most singular spectacle is thus presented to the American people. The authorities in the great City of New York, with Governor Hoffman himself conversant with the matter, back down before an Irish Catholic mob threatened, and propose to make themselves trespassers upon their rights of the Orangemen; and then these same authorities, with Governor Hoffman still a party to the scene, back down again in about twenty-four hours—not now to Catholic rowdies, but in the presence of outraged and indignant public sentiment. Ruffians controlled them in the first instance, and the general voice of the people in the second; and both movements, so far as they are concerned, were simply political manœuvers. On Monday it seemed to these Democratic officials that to offend the Irish Catholics, who were intent on blood, would be the greater political evil; and on Tuesday it seemed to them that to offend the people would now be the graver mistake. Having no principle to guide them, but drifting amid the accidents of the moment, they suddenly jumped from a totally false and most disgraceful position to the right one—too late for their own credit, and too late to maintain the authority of law without scenes of violence and blood. Had Mayor Hall or Governor Hoffman seasonably issued a proclamation, warning the mob in prospect that the law would be effectively maintained, there would have been no mob, and not a life would have been lost. Cowardice, for purely political reasons, with an astonishing stupidity of judgment, is the true solution of these varying and contradictory counsels. More incompetent and thoroughly disgraced men never sat in the seats of power. The Tammany Ring that governs—or, rather, misgoverns—the City of New York, has with all its reputed shrewdness at last outwitted itself.

There is in all this a moral which New York and the country at large may study with advantage. There can be no doubt that Irish Catholicism in this country, the great mass of which is stupidly ignorant and bigoted, is in close political alliance with the Democratic party, especially in cities. It is to a large extent the voting constituency of the Tammany Ring, and has hitherto kept it in power, notwithstanding the enormity of its frauds. The rowdy element of this Catholicism, ever ready to supply the material for mobs, and in the City of New York very numerous, is just the element which the authorities undertook to conciliate by submitting to it. It elects the officers of law, and then demands the right to control them. Political Democracy and religious Irish Catholicism in alliance, each playing into the hands of the other, to-day reign supreme in New York City, and through the city in the state. The one gives votes, and the other gives special favors in return for votes. But for this union the Democratic party would be in the minority in the City of New York, and could not have elected a single state officer for the last ten years. It is the Irish Catholic element in the Democratic party which constitutes the right arm of its voting strength; and this is the reason why the party pays its particular respects to Roman Catholicism. It would not be misrepresented if it were called the *politico-ecclesiastical* party.

This phase of things, silently and steadily increasing, yet every now and then revealing itself by some exciting fact, ought to arrest the attention of the American people. A political party that has a large religious sect for no small part of its voting support—and that, too, of foreign importation—is under very strong temptations to consult that sect in its policy. It may well be watched with the most sedulous care, especially when it contains a great amount of bigotry and rowdyism. We are not wishing to excite any improper anti-Catholic feeling; yet we feel bound to say that Protestants, and indeed the people generally, ought to understand the game of Roman Catholicism in this country, and also the political manner in which a part of the game is played.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

THE usual verdict of the Crowner's Quest in the case of a railroad accident—"Nobody to blame"—is not likely to be rendered by the public in the matter of the late riot. There is a very general and resolute determination to find out who the guilty parties are; and the inquisition now going on must have a wholesome influence. Toward the making up of a just popular judgment we add our word of comment.

For the blundering collision between the Mayor and the Governor we may never know who was most to blame. We assume in another column that Governor Hoffman was fully informed on Monday of the purpose of the Mayor to prohibit the procession, and that he approved of it. It is only fair to say that Governor Hoffman's friends dispute this assumption, and declare that he had no true knowledge of the condition of things before the order of Hall, bearing Kelso's signature, was issued. In this discussion between the friends of the Mayor and the friends of the Governor we do not propose to take part. Whichever of them the party decides to bury, it is none of our funeral. Let the dead bury their dead. But, as impartial judges, we consider ourselves warranted in saying that, if these two officials did have a perfect understanding before the publication of that order, as we presume they did, they are equally to blame for its issue; and, if they did not in that threatening state of affairs have a perfect understanding, they are both guilty of a criminal neglect of duty. It might have been true, as has been suggested, that the Mayor, whose relations to the Governor are not cordial, refused to impart to the latter the information he sought concerning the condition of the city and the purposes of its authorities. But in a time like this men have no right to be standing on their dignity; and the Governor was bound to know before he returned to the capital whether a riot was likely to occur, and what measures had been taken for its suppression. In the expression of this judgment we are happy to find ourselves in entire accord with the New York *World*. What the opinion of that journal may be by the time this paper reaches our readers we cannot guess; but its judgment last Thursday morning was remarkably clear.

The soldiers are charged with recklessness in firing upon the mob. But soldiers are called out on such occasions not for purposes of display, but for purposes of execution. If they are wanted for anything, they are wanted to shoot rioters. And when a mob blocks up the streets before them, and brickbats and coping stones rain from the roofs upon their heads, and pistol-shots crack from the windows of the houses, it is altogether useless to flash bayonets or fire blank cartridges. A mob can never be put down by means of Chinese warfare. Cold lead and plenty of it is the only medicine for such disorders. If the testimony of eye-witnesses may be credited, the soldiers reserved their fire until forbearance had ceased to be a virtue. They deserve credit for their forbearance, and they deserve equal credit for the promptness and vigor of their fire. They did a good day's work for themselves and the rest of us; and, when we need their protection in the future, we shall know that they can be trusted.

The killing and maiming of so many innocent persons is, of course, a terrible calamity; but the fact must be borne in mind that these persons were in most cases the authors of their own misfortunes. Nobody has any right to be in the neighborhood of a mob; and when persons, for the mere gratification of curiosity, venture into such company they are to be pitied for the injuries they receive only as the man is to be pitied who plants himself upon the track of a railway to get a good front view of the headlight of the swiftly coming locomotive.

When the blame for this riot is equitably distributed, no small portion of it will fall upon one or two journals in this city that for weeks have been doing their best to inflame the passions of the Irishmen. Again and again the walls have been covered with startling placards announcing a "Terrible Riot in Prospect"; every rumor has been repeated and exaggerated, and the whole subject has been treated in the most sensational manner. The object of this was, of course, to sell newspapers. The greater the excitement the greater the profits of these journals. Journalism of this sort is simply infernal; and the contempt and execration in which it is held by all good men seem altogether too mild a punishment for the persons who have been guilty of it. It is a pity that retribution cannot find in its quiver some arrow that would pierce them to the quick.

Mayor Hall contends that this parade of the Orangemen was likely to disturb the peace of the city; therefore, it ought to have been forbidden. But this is not true. It was not the parade of the Orangemen, but the ruffianism of the Ribbonmen, by which the public peace was threatened; and the logic which prohibited the parade would deny to honest men the right to appear in the streets after nightfall because the cut-throats who vote for Mayor Hall might disturb the peace by assaulting and robbing them. It causes the city much expense, and the frequent loss of the valuable life of an officer, to keep the streets safe and quiet after nightfall; therefore, honest people must stay in doors, and let the rogues have the streets to themselves. Mayor Hall's argument proves this, if it proves anything.

One of our exchanges, taking up the Mayor's parable, discourses after this fashion: If a dozen men should choose to march up Broadway brandishing red rags, it would ordinarily be safe to humor them; but, if the police knew that a drove of mad bulls were coming down the street, it would be their duty to stop the demonstrating pedestrians. Even in this case we should say that the police would be quite as usefully employed in shooting the bulls as in stopping the passengers; but the illustration proves nothing unless these Hibernians are fairly represented by mad bulls. It may be that this is their true character. But it is impossible for us who dwell in this city to ignore the fact that these mad bulls vote, hold office, and draw large salaries; that they make, interpret, and execute such laws as we have; and that they themselves parade the streets in frequent and noisy processions whenever their taurine majesties are so inclined. If the Ribbonmen are mad bulls, it would seem to be our first duty to drive them out of the offices and fence them away from the polls; if they are capable of ruling us, they ought, at least, to be capable of keeping the peace on the streets on the 12th of July.

Some of the newspapers are advising the Orangemen, now that their right to parade has been vindicated, to refrain from further public demonstrations. We have no such advice to give. The rights of the Orangemen are not yet fairly vindicated. So long as it is necessary for them to put their badges in their pockets after their parade, and creep home stealthily, for fear of assassination, the question raised by this riot remains unsettled. The issue is very fairly made up between Governor Seymour's "friends" and the friends of law and order, and we cannot do better than fight it out on this line. Sooner or later we must know whether people in this city who do not belong to the ruling race have any rights; and the question grows more urgent every year. The killing of innocent spectators in this riot is greatly to be lamented; but that calamity will not be repeated. Hereafter curious people will keep out of the way, and the only sufferers will be the enemies of order. If a yearly hecatomb of these "mad bulls" be the only sacrifice by which liberty can be secured, we must still believe that the price is none too great to pay for such a possession.

GENIUS BY WHOLESALE.

WHAT matters it whether we have "a Bourbon among us" more or less, when a line of intellectual kings, by right of genius and eloquence, is registered in the rival lists of the "Lyceum Magazine" and the "Lecture Season"? Surely the country is safe with so many sovereigns ruling by divine right at the same time. The Congress of Vienna, full of European potentates whose coats dropped diamonds, could have given no such sense of wealth as do these jeweled pages. Bret Harte may write "condensed novels," but here is the condensed biographical literature of the period. Each lecturer in turn is elevated into "the leading mind of the age" by a chorus of newspapers; and each gets all the glory of a first-class funeral sermon, without the painful necessity of dying for it.

Yet these columns of compliment are deployed with such consummate tact that the loving friends of each hero may be fully content with his separate page of praises, and not be jealous that other people have also their meed of applause. The heads of these Bureaus know their business too well to commit themselves to any one among their two flocks of famous men. They stand adroitly back, and seem simply to have decided (like Dr. George B. Loring, in reference to the governorship of Massachusetts) no longer to repress the ardor of their friends. They consent at last to allow the *Saturday Chronicle* to pronounce Mr. A. "a Claude Lorraine glass, compressing all the features of a beautiful landscape within in its narrow limits," and the *New York Herald* to style Mr. B. "a classic model of scholastic declamation," and the *Ellenville Herald* to exult in Mr. B.'s discourse as being "a feast of fun, a luncheon of laughter, a wassail of wit." But the calm Bureaus themselves make no discriminations, take no sides. Each imagines that to be its lecturer is to be worthy of all the praise the newspapers can give; and, when this is given, an adroit pair of scissors does the rest. Or, if the Bureau ever interferes, it is done generously, for some new aspirant, just as Madame Recamier, in her famous Paris saloons, made it a rule to look after the obscure and unknown—"*mes étrangers*"—and used to leave the more distinguished guests to shift for themselves.

We can fancy the Bureau men turning over the pages of their own magazines, and observing to themselves, with shy humor, how seriously these successive pages of enthusiasm interfere with each other. No lyceum can have all lecturers; and yet, amid this galaxy of genius, whom can you select? How shall you choose between Mr. Parsons, who holds an audience without the movement of a muscle for an hour and a half (see Belfast *Age*), and the Hon. Mr. Fitch, who is warranted by "Mark Twain" to "hold any audience willing prisoners" for two hours? If you insist on having "the cool, commanding, deliberate, humorous, and impressive Col. Knox," how are you to find room for Edwin P. Whipple, "the Lord Macaulay of America, who combines with his exquisite diction a power of oratory which Macaulay never possessed"? For, if you greedily say, like a child offered his choice between apple and pear, orange and banana, "the choice is easy—I will have all four," then half your course of eight is already filled. And you have left unconsidered the claims of the one hundred and seventy-two other lecturers of the two Bureaus, and their sixteen readers, and their baker's dozen of concert troupes, including two tribes of Hutchinsons, to say nothing of an "Evening of Ventriloquism" and a "Cruise of the Cobweb." What, then, are you to do, except to adopt the reported advice of the Western clergyman given to young women for the selection of a husband: "Shut your eyes, grab hard, and trust in the Lord."

If such be the difficulty of selection among men only, how much greater when the advent of women brings the additional comparison of features and of finery. Miss Matilda Fletcher is "beautiful and accomplished." Miss Louisa Holden is "a bright-looking, animated brunette"; Mrs. Livermore is "a magnificent woman," "her dress plain and womanly, her manner stylish and becoming"; Miss Emily Pardee is, if we may trust the judgment of Rev. J. J. Woolley, "in dress, manner, and voice all that could be desired." It is a comfort to know that there are at the Bureaus photographic galleries of these effective faces, and, for aught we know, patterns of the dresses of the ladies, that the fair lecturers may go robed to match the prevailing colors of the town hall.

On the whole, what is most needed in each of these intellectual bazaars is a guide-post. The most "energetic committee" does not always know whether to take a lecture recommended for its ingenuity, logic, and moral elevation," or one which is "prolific and luxurious with fun." Shall we have the "Fat Contributor," whose lecture is a series of puns; or the other lecturer who "closed with such a vivid picture of that great triumph of engineering skill, the Pacific Railway, as to bring tears to the eyes of his audience by its very sublimity." It is better, on the whole, to trust the Bureaus themselves, which will, if desired, fitly proportion the supply to the demand—so much laughter, so many tears—and send home every audience as happy as was the president of Ripley Female College after hearing Rev. Selah W. Brown. "We anticipated a good deal," he says, with ardor; "but were happily disappointed."

OSTRACISM OF YELLOW LABOR.

IN California Democrats and Republicans have been running a neck-and-neck race to see which shall treat the Chinese most meanly. Just now the Republicans have a little the advantage in the honorable rivalry. Having the last word, they were able in their convention to cap a little what the Democratic convention had said a few days before. And these are the charges on which both parties ask the General Government to pass such laws as shall "discourage immigration." Both agree that the Chinamen are ignorant of our customs. The Democrats call them "a class of inferior people, whose living costs comparatively nothing, and who care and know little about our churches, schools, societies, and social and political institutions." The Republicans strike the same string. They charge that the Chinese "are incapable of assimilating with our own races, ignorant of the nature and forms of our government, and manifest no disposition to acquire a knowledge of the same, or to conform to our own habits." We presume many of them are ignorant of our customs, and do not admire what they do know. But this is only the pretense, not the reason for the attack made upon them. Is ignorance confined to the yellow race in California? Do the ruffians that stone Chinamen to death, and the brutes that stand on the sidewalk to see it done, frequent the "churches and schools"? Do they understand the "nature and forms of our government"? Are they not morally "an inferior people"? Can the Chinese be expected "to conform to our own habits," and admire the "social and political institutions" of such narrow-minded barbarians as compiled these two platforms?

But the difficulty lies elsewhere. The trouble is that the Chinese are diligent and frugal and thrifty. They have no expensive vices, and are willing to work, and work cheap. And, therefore, the Democrats say that "the labor of our white people [and black, we suppose,] should not be brought into competition with the labor of a class of inferior people"; and the Republicans, with silly rhodomontade, exclaim that "their employment under the plea of cheap wages is offensive to the exalted American idea of the dignity of labor, detrimental to the prosperity and happiness of our own laboring classes, and an evil that ought to be abated." If, according to the "exalted American idea," labor has dignity, why does not Chinese labor have dignity? And, if the labor of "white people" refuses to allow competition, what shall our negroes do? Have we not settled that in accordance with "an exalted American idea"? And when a horse or an ass draws a load of gravel from a gulch, is not it, too, coming in competition with native labor? or does it not belong to an "inferior class" of labor? Labor has no dignity except as it is faithful and temperate and honest, and minds its own business. Labor that drinks whisky and makes riots and insults or stones or shoots those that do not belong to its trades-union, or nationality, or color has no dignity. A yellow-skinned, pig-tailed, slant eyed cooly, who minds his business, and saves his money, and eats his rats, and worships his joss, or attends his Methodist Sunday-school, and learns his letters in peace, has more dignity than the laborers who kick him out of competition—and a thousand times more than the truckling politicians who write such platforms as these. We had expected such language from the Democrats. But that Republicans should stoop to such words is intensely humiliating. How can we complain of the treatment of foreigners in China when we meet Chimamen in such a spirit? Go to Confucius, ye Christian heathen, and learn from him the essence of morality: "Do not unto others what ye would not have them do unto you."

THE NEXT MOVE IN FRANCE.

THE famous saying of Talleyrand that the Bourbons had learned nothing and forgotten nothing during their years of exile was not true of them, though he meant it so, merely as restored princes. It expressed a national rather than a family characteristic, and was quite as true of their subjects as of themselves. The French people, thus far in their history, seem constitutionally incapable of learning by experience, even by the extraordinary experience they have gone through for the last eighty years. The liberty which was born in the ruins of the Bastille, and baptized in the blood of king and queen, was a worse tyranny than any Frenchman had suffered since the days of Louis XIth. They were glad soon to exchange it for a strong despotism, illuminated by the baleful glare of military glory under Bonaparte. This neither he nor they could maintain, and it ended by his exile to St. Helena, and their welcoming back the brother of the king they had guillotined, and a burlesque of the ancient *régime*, from which that murder was to deliver them. In fifteen years more the mob of Paris drove Charles X out of France for his attempt to make the restoration of the old monarchy a reality, and not the sham which it was under *la charte*. Then the constitutional government of Louis Phillippe followed, and soon festered into such a mass of political profligacy and dynastic corruption that it died of the morbid condition thus engendered, and gave place to the Republic of 1848, which yet had neither learned nor forgot enough to reject the heir of the traditions of the Empire as the head of its corner. The Second of December, a bloody but successful parody of the Eighteenth Brumaire, came along in due and necessary course. The Empire which was Peace plunged France in the wars of the Crimea, and of Italy, and of Mexico, and brought upon her the final catastrophe of Sedan. A half dozen men seized upon the government, with no authority excepting the toleration of the mob of Paris, and carried on the war against Prussia with frantic desperation, and aggravated what would have been a calamity after Sedan into ruin after the taking of Paris had placed their country at the mercy of Bismarck.

And when the Assembly, which Favre and Gambetta had not dared to meet, was called, under Bismarck's convulsion, its complexion was mainly monarchical. The majority were undoubtedly in favor of the restoration of the old royal family, and their voice would probably have pronounced in its favor had it not been for the dissensions of the two branches and the apprehension that it might be stronger-meat than the constituencies could swallow. And thus, after eighty years, marked by revolution after revolution all along their course, the French nation seemed ready to go back to whence they had departed, as far as such return was possible in the changed condition of human affairs. Had they, indeed, learned nothing and forgotten nothing? Or had they learned much and forgotten much? Many of the best friends of France have been willing to accept this solution of the problem, and hope that a constitutional republic, with an hereditary head chosen by the people, might be the final issue of France out of her afflictions. And it is by no means clear that this may not be the final or temporary settlement, though the supplementary elections, held to fill nearly a hundred and fifty vacancies, have a stronger Republican leaning than had been anticipated. This, however, is probably only a testimony of confidence in Theirs, and of a willingness to continue him at the head of the government which he has administered with so much honesty and ability. As he can have no dynastic schemes in his own favor, and as at seventy-five he may be supposed to have survived whatever personal ambition for power he may have had by nature, and that nature French, he may well be clung to as the guide that is to conduct his people over the debatable ground, quivering under their feet and threatening to swallow them up, that divides the past from the future.

No political spectacle can be awaited with more intelligent curiosity than the one soon to be presented upon the French scene. There are two hopeful prognostics that have gone before it, and perhaps augur a future better than the past—one material and the other political. The extraordinary success of the loan proposed by M. Theirs shows an economical and frugal stamina in the French people which we knew was constitutional with them, but which we had feared had been exhausted. It is significant of industry and thrift, and of the moral virtues which usually accompany these. The economical virtues are not the highest in the calendar of moral excellencies; but they are essential to the substantial foundation and permanent prosperity of states. The other favorable augury of happier days to come is the deposition of Paris from the autocracy of France. We expressed our views on this subject some time since, and all subsequent events have only confirmed them. We wish that the capital might remain at Versailles in permanence, if not at some remoter city. The siege of Paris by the *Versaillais* was, in fact, a war of the provinces on the capital—of the rural population with the civic working class. It was not primarily a war between rich and poor; but between the artisans of the metropolis, standing for those of the other great cities, and the agricultural laborers of the whole country. But it was none the less a conflict between those who had property and those who wanted it. We do not believe that ever again a Paris mob can issue its orders to the provinces, and compel them to accept the revolution it had carried through; not even should Paris again be made the seat of the future government. Centralization surrendered with Paris, and the provinces will not be likely to restore it again to its ancient tyranny.

This new revolution, if effected without more fighting, would put France into a position to recover from her calamities and to become again the peer of other nations—never, we may hope, their mistress. The form of the government is of little comparative importance, if the mass of the people have the self-control, the industry, the frugality, the obedience to law necessary to the existence of a well-ordered state. And, if they have not these virtues, the sooner they are absorbed by Prussia the better for themselves and for the world.

Editorial Notes.

We make no apology for devoting so much editorial space this week to the Ribbonmen's riot. We have elsewhere told the story and distributed the blame. Gov. Hoffman heard the indignation of the people at the infamous proclamation of Mayor Hall, and at the last moment canceled it. And he canceled it in words which could not have been more brave and true if he had really been startled at the action of the Mayor. He took the politic course. It would have been utterly impossible for him or for any other Tammany candidate to appeal for votes as Grant's successor burdened down with the infamy of encouraging lawless, mischievous Fenians, and of suppressing a procession of Protestant Orangemen. The political necessity was urgent, and that is the probable explanation of the matter; for, as we have elsewhere said, Hoffman was in communication with Mayor Hall on the subject, and knew or might have known what the Mayor proposed to do. But when he felt the storm of popular indignation he bowed before it; for is not he the Tammany candidate for President?

THIS air is clearer. However bungling or vacillating the action of our state and city officials, the police and military did well. They met the mob and stamped on it. It was well crushed. The Ribbonmen we met the next day seemed politer than usual. Their thick skulls had got a new idea shot into them. Their noses, *nasa adunca*, seemed turned up with a little less scorn than usual for American rights. They had seen blood flowing in the streets, and did not like the looks of it. Nor do we. Life is very costly. But a principle is dearer than a hundred lives, or a hundred thousand; and, if violated, will demand its hecatombs in expiation. Last Wednesday showed a heavy mortality; but it was a very healthy day for the body politic. Then we proved that equal rights are not yet quite a glittering generality, and that there are usurpations so rank that they will not be allowed. No American admires the Orange spirit; but Orangemen have rights, and shall be protected by the sword; and with the sword, and under the laws, in the words of Massachusetts' motto, we seek and we will have calm peace.

THE *Western Catholic*, published at Detroit, in its issue of last Wednesday, just on the eve of the riot, had some brave and manly words about the threatened assault upon the Orangemen. After characterizing the Hibernian societies as "organizations gotten up for no better purpose than to forcibly oppose the Orangemen, and which as secret societies are little less culpable in the eyes of Catholic discipline than the latter," it says:

"We question their [the Orangemen's] taste in celebrating an event which, though remote, is still remembered with passionate anger by a large number of their fellow-citizens; but in this difference our right of criticism ends. They are not responsible to us for their taste. Their action is foolish; but there is no law, that we have heard of, against foolishness which is unattended by an overt breach of the peace. The Orangemen have as much legal right to celebrate the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne as we Catholics have to celebrate the Pope's Jubilee, St. Patrick's Day, or any other festival; and they have a perfect right to choose any method of celebrating it which pleases them, so long as their programme does not include riotous conduct or speech, or any interference with the property or persons of their neighbors. . . . We have much to say in regard to the ruffianism which assumes the name of Catholic to assault peaceable citizens in the streets. We denounced this kind of Catholicity last year, and we mean to denounce it as long as it presumes to disgrace the name of Catholic by assuming it."

WE are not admirers of James Fisk, Jr.; we believe him to be unprincipled in business matters, and without any morals to speak of. But even a Fisk may deserve the justice of praise as well as of censure; and we are happy to record our commendation of the part he took in the Orange riot of last week. He was present in the thickest of the fray, and took the chances with the men of his command. One of them was killed at his side; and Fisk, disabled at the same time by an injury to his ankle, was carried to a bakery in 8th avenue, and placed in the same room with another wounded man of the 9th regiment—Walter Prior—who, as we write, has just died. We had expected to find in Fisk a Falstaff upon the field of battle; but we are unable to deny that he has for once played the part of "the bold soldier boy," and we resist the strong temptation to make sport of him. If he was a coward it was only after the fight.

NEVER again will a little boy become a national favorite such as was "Tad" Lincoln, who has just died, a young man grown, in Chicago. During those terrible years of war, that bright, lawless, tricksy little fellow was all the comical relief that the White House knew; and his overburdened father took infinite rest and delight in his comical ways. He had the run of the White House, and every visitor petted him and every office-seeker caressed him. His was a child's mission, with his boisterous fun and frolic to slacken the dangerous tension of his father's mind, and God had given him such a nature that he could not help fulfilling it. And the nation which saw how his father doated on the sprite loved him too. His father's sudden death greatly sobered the boy, and under his brother Robert's tuition he began to make rapid progress in his studies. During his mother's absence in Europe he remained with her, a tender and devoted son. In his sudden death the poor mother suffers another sad loss; and Thomas Todd Lincoln, who had parts enough to make a man's name for himself, will be remembered by our people only as the boy "Tad," whose fun and pranks were the relief of his father's overburdened soul.

AFTER a season of flirtation, Gen. Butler has offered himself to the Republicans of Massachusetts as their candidate for governor. The opportunity is thus afforded them of doing the Commonwealth and the country a good service by rejecting his addresses and abating somewhat his political pretensions. The country remembers with admiration Gen. Butler's famous order, by which the slaves were pronounced contraband of war—a stroke of shrewdness that was worth a dozen regiments; and it does not forget his splendid success in ruling the rebels in New Orleans. But these brilliant passages in his history, which have captivated the popular imagination, are not all we have to remember. His record as a politician has not been such as to inspire confidence in his wisdom or his integrity. His testy and factious course on the "Alabama" question, his violence and vulgarity in Congress, and the utter sensationalism of his whole career, all indicate his distinguished unfitness for the governorship of Massachusetts. His administration would not promote in the minds of the people a feeling of security. The popular inquiry would always be, "What is coming next?" and the answer would not always be reassuring. Massachusetts is likely to have some difficult and delicate questions to settle before many days in the great dispute between capital and labor; and it is not too much to say that there are other men in the Commonwealth whose counsels it would be safer to follow in such matters than those of General Butler.

YALE COLLEGE has elected a new president. We had wished—we had not expected—that another man might receive the honor, one whose infinite energy, whose uncommonly broad and varied scholarship, and whose personal presence and happiness of utterance would have made him not merely an ornament to the college, but a stout guiding hand. But, though President Porter is quite a different man from Dr. Thompson, he is wise and able enough, and will make, we doubt not, a very successful president. He is too old to keep up the tradition of the last two incumbencies, and resign at the age of seventy, after having reigned twenty-five years; but his service, if briefer, will be no less honorable. There has been a constant advance at Yale. Dwight was more progressive than Stiles, Day than Dwight, Woolsey than Day, and Porter is a more progressive man than Woolsey. There will be no going back. Perhaps his election may be called a victory for the old education. President Porter is probably the most erudite and one of the ablest metaphysicians in the country. He is a keen and rather sharp writer when he pleases. He has a large general culture; and though, like a true metaphysician, he scouts the idea and would hardly listen to evidence to prove that mental action could be one of the forces that are in correlation with heat and motion, he has no prejudice against the natural sciences. He knows their importance, if he does not feel it, and is a man of progress and ready to receive suggestions and to learn the necessities of the college and of the times. As lieutenant to President Woolsey he has learned much of college management; and, if not the wisest selection possible, none wiser could have been made from the faculty, and Yale's new president will have the unbounded respect of the students and the honor of all scholars and good men.

THE *United Presbyterian* is not pleased with our review of Dr. Shedd's sermons; but the extent of its knowledge about the sermons themselves may be inferred from the fact that it mistakes the title of our article, "The New Augustinianism" for the title of the book, which was appended to the review—"Sermons to the Natural Man." In the next paragraph the same paper announces that Mr. John Weiss has published a book entitled "The New Parkerism," thus duplicating its blunder. It is evident that the *United Presbyterian* knows nothing about either of these books except what it has learned from our notices; yet it is quite free to express its opinions about them. Bearing this fact in mind, the following sentence, which was intended to be severe, becomes rather funny: "A book criticism in a newspaper is just worth the opinion of the critic—no more." May we in the spirit of love inquire how much a criticism is worth that is written by a critic who has not seen the book criticised?

OUR readers will remember that when our former associate, Mr. Oliver Johnson, visited the home of his boohood, in Peacham, Vermont, last summer, he found a quarrel brewing in the Orthodox church. Mr. Johnson was pained at this unhappy state of affairs in a church where peace had always reigned, and resolved to use his best offices in bringing about a reconciliation. Accordingly he sought an opportunity to say a few kindly words to the congregation at the close of the afternoon service, in which he told them of his sorrow at the differences that had arisen, and promised them that, if they would make an end of their strife, agree in employing a minister, and prepare their meeting house to receive it, he would make them a present of a good organ. The proffer was received in the spirit in which it was made, the quarrel ceased, the church edifice has been repaired, the people have united in the choice of a minister, and an excellent organ, costing $1,350, and abundantly answering the needs of the little church, will be put in the place prepared for it on the first of September. By this graceful and generous act Mr. Johnson has helped to preserve a Christian church from division and shame, and has earned the praise of Him who said "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." The people, led by their new organ, ought to chant that beatitude the next time he sits down in their congregation.

WE have the "Annual Record of the North Congregational Church of Lynn, Mass." for the past year—a little pamphlet of eight pages, a description of which may give some useful hints to pastors. The pamphlet contains a brief sketch of the history of the church during the year; it exhibits the growth of the church and congregation by statistical table; it shows the condition of the church treasury, both with respect to the parochial finances and the benevolent offerings; it describes the kinds of Christian work in which this church is engaged; it announces the Sabbath services and the other meetings of the church; it tells when and where to find the pastor; it gives a list of the officers of the church, and chronicles the marriages and deaths of the congregation. This church has adopted the system of free seats and voluntary contributions, and a page and a half of this record is devoted to an account of this plan with the reasons for its adoption. It is encouraging to know that by this system all the current expenses of the church were met during the year, and a surplus of about three hundred dollars was carried to the building fund. The record concludes with a complete directory of the parish, adults and children, with the residence of each, indicating by the use of explanatory marks who are members of the church, who are members of other churches, who are absent, and who among the children have been baptized. It is a most useful little document, and such a one as every church should annually prepare.

IT was Voltaire, we believe, who said that the worst use a government could put a man to was to hang him. The same principle, we suppose, would apply to the more exquisite method of disposing of him by shooting, as practiced in France on both sides in the late "unpleasantness" there. Without entering into the general question as to whether many of those wretches could have been put to any better use, there is one, at least, whom we are very sure could be utilized to better purposes than making him food for powder; and that is the eminent painter, Courbet, who is now in custody, awaiting his turn before the court-martial which is to pass upon his case. He is a great rascal, we dare say; but he is also a great genius. He it was that superintended the destruction of the Column of the Place Vendôme; and it has been reported that he has offered to replace it at his own expense, if his life could be spared. It is very likely that there is no ground for this rumor, though he may well be able to afford it, as he has had fabulous prices for his pictures, and that for a good many years. There is a very fine work of his in the Boston Athenæum, the property, we believe, of that institution. It is called "*La Curée*"; which means, as we understand it, the di-tribution to the hounds of the part of the deer reserved as their share. It is a lovely woodland scene, painted with pre-Raphaelite conscientiousness—the dead deer and some of the dogs in the foreground, and a man leaning against a tree, who is said to be the likeness of Courbet himself. Fame, then, another man is sounding a hunting-horn, to summon the rest of the pack to their repast. It is worth a visit to Boston to see it, and we advise any of our readers who chance to go there not to miss of it. We dare say that Courbet was always of Republican leanings; but he was brought prominently forward as such a few months before the fall of the Empire by his contemptuously refusing the decoration of the Legion of Honor at the hands of Bonaparte. It caused great amazement at Court and throughout Paris, as those two inches of ribbon are the great object of French ambition; but it doubtless made him a favorite and a leader among the extreme Reds, and perhaps was the immediate occasion of his course and his fate. The Court party explained his refusal by the suggestion that he was vexed at not having had it long before, and at seeing inferior artists receiving the bauble before him. But it is not necessary to accept this theory to account for his unwillingness to be under any obligation to the Man of December, even before he became the Man of Sedan. We hope M. Thiers will see his way clear to commute Courbet's sentence of death, which doubtless he merits, to imprisonment in a studio, with plenty of canvases, brushes, and pigments, to paint pictures for the general good of the Republic and mankind for the rest of his natural life.

TRAVELERS of classical tastes will be glad to learn, from the statement of the prime minister of King George of Greece to the legislature, that brigandage is nearly stamped out, and that they can meditate on the field of Marathon, or moralize in the Pass of Thermopylæ, without danger of being gobbled up by banditti. This happy consummation is largely due to the cordial co-operation of the Turkish authorities on the frontier. This unusual energy was owing, undoubtedly, to the indignation occasioned by the murder of the English and Italian travelers two years since, and it is to be hoped that, if that the King of Greece could not police properly his scrap of a kingdom, England and France would do it for him. It is to be hoped that the members of his Hellenic Majesty's ministry, who are understood to have a vested interest in the protection of the brigands, were properly indemnified for their loss.

The Independent.

THE GREEN SEA OF THE NORTHWEST.

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

Throw down your pen, leave your books, your business, leave all care behind, be a carpet-bagger for a month, and take a run with me into the Northwest, if you would see how an empire grows. You cannot see it in New York, or Boston, or in Chicago. You can understand that those and all other cities are getting on. You can comprehend by the census statistics that the nation is increasing in population and wealth; but it is only when you get upon the frontier, and at this present time upon the Northwestern frontier, that you can see the growth of the Great Republican Empire.

Take no "biled shirts" with you, as they say out here; but put on flannel, put your stove-pipe hat into its box and set it away in the closet, wear a wide-awake, take a roll of blankets and a carpet-bag—be ready for roughness. Make up your mind that salt pork is good eating; that the broad canopy of Heaven is the best bed chamber in the world on a summer night; that even a drenching in the rain will do no one any harm—make up your mind to have a good time, and you will not be disappointed.

Have you ever seen a fleet of prairie schooners? If you have not, it will be a sight worth seeing. Take a trot with me on an Indian pony, this sunny afternoon, and let us review the fleet. Here we are out on the green ocean of the Northwest. People at the East speak of it as the Red River Valley of the North; but it is an ocean. It is a dead calm—a smooth and level sea of waving verdure. Do you call that a contradiction of terms? Wait till you have seen it before you question the statement. The sea is smooth, and as even as the surface of the calmest lake; but, now that the balmy breezes from the West are sweeping over it, I behold it waving with rankest vegetation. The plover rises and whirrs away on quivering wings. The curlew circles us in his airy flight, and calls upon us to quit it, quit it, quit it! But we cannot quit it. We almost despair of ever getting out of it, or sailing across this shoreless ocean—shoreless to the sight. Far away we see green islands. They appear, then vanish into airy nothings. The mirage lifted them, then let them drop beneath the level greenness.

Across this sea the prairie schooners are sailing in endless procession, propelled by oxen, horse, and mule power. These motors need not, like the Cunarders of the Atlantic, take in a cargo of coals for consumption on the voyage. They feed themselves and fatten by the way, and are stouter and stronger at the end than at the beginning of the journey.

The white-winged ships ever hovering around the Narrows or standing boldly out upon the ocean, with every sail spread to the breeze, are a scene no more beautiful to the eye than that which we gaze upon as we gallop over these prairies on this sunny summer day. See how the long procession stretches away—the white canvas coverings of the wagons set against the bright green of the luxuriant grasses! There is music in the chucking of the wheels as they roll upon their axles, in the bleating of the sheep and lambs, and the lowing of the cattle, and the crowing of the cocks that accompany the teams. Each immigrant has his cow, his sheep, and every wagon has its chicken-coop attached.

Look at this one family. The wife and the younger children are minding the sheep and lambs and cows and calves. The mother is dressed for the occasion—a sun-bonnet and calico gown. You can see her hoop-skirt hanging to the wagon ahead. Call upon her in her new log-home, a few days hence, and you will find her "fixed up" for company; but just now she is lending a helping hand to get the family on in the world. The bare-footed, frowsy-haired urchin, with a face like the full moon, trotting by her side, has his hands full of riches such as Solomon in all his glory could not command—the lilies of the field. His older sister, with her uncombed hair streaming in the wind, is minding the lambs, who all the time are tempted to stray away into the green pastures. The brother, still older, is driving his team of steers. He is fourteen, may be; but he is a man. He shows us that he knows what he is about by punching up the off steer with his goad-stick, and singing out: "Whoa, gee; what are ye about thar!" He aspires to be a man, and would have us think that he is one. He is only doing just what we all did when we were boys. The father drives the other team. He is getting on in years, has a grizzled beard. He sits beneath the sheltering canvas, with gad in hand, guiding and urging on his stalwart pair of oxen.

A little tow-headed child, with wonder in her deep blue eyes, is nestling in his arms, running her tiny hands now through his beard, and now pointing to the flowers—the golden lilies, the white morning-glories, and the acres of wild roses blooming around.

"See! see, papa!" Ah, it is pleasant music that prattling voice, sweet as an angel's, mingling with the larks, and the bob-o'-links, and the curlews' "quit it" cry.

"Where are you from?" is my question to the father.

"From Southern Minnesota."

"What are you coming up here for? Did you not have good land down there?"

"Yas; but I tinks dis is better."

He is a Norwegian, and the *th* will not trip readily from his tongue, and so he "tinks dis is better land." With hundreds, even thousands of his neighbors, he has sold out the pre-emption there to start a homestead here.

Look where you will, you see these prairie schooners—families, with bag and baggage, with flocks and herds, plow and shovel, stove and bedstead, churn and chair—moving on to the "better land."

I do not wonder that they come; for of all the domain of this Republic there is no region exceeding this in fertility.

Think of it, ye farmers of New England or of the Middle States, who look upon your broad twenty-acre fields with pride—think of a valley so level that you may turn a furrow, unbroken by hillock or hollow save at a river crossing, *fifty miles in length*, if you drive your team from the east to the west across this valley! Think of putting your plow into a furrow at New York and never taking it out till you reach the City of Washington. Such a furrow you might turn were you to start your team afield at Breckenridge and drive it to Lake Winnipeg, in British America, were it not for the crossing of the streams tributary to the Red River of the North.

A year ago this vast expanse was almost a solitude; but now it is quick with life. The Northern Pacific Railroad is the cause of this unparalleled immigration. The railroad will not be completed to the Red River before September; but the immigrants are here ahead of it, taking possession of all the choice lands belonging to the Government sections, each man staking off his pre-emption claim of one hundred and sixty acres. Many of the settlers have made arrangements with the railroad company, and have taken land belonging to them. It is estimated that *not less than twenty thousand persons have settled along the line of that railroad the present season!* The immigration from Canada has been very large to Manitoba. A gentleman from Montreal, who has been spending a few months in the valley, informs me that not less than nine thousand Canadians have passed northward to take up homes in Manitoba, three hundred miles north of the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The lands here are just as inviting as those in Manitoba; but, having been subjects of the Queen, with all their associations connected with Canada, they are not quite ready to become citizens of the Republic. It is the astonishing fertility of these lands and their prospective nearness to an Eastern market that makes them so attractive.

It is only two hundred and thirty miles from the Red River to Lake Superior, and Duluth as a shipping point is just as near as Chicago to New York and Boston. The railroad, when completed to this point, instead of reaching a wilderness, will run through a country already settled.

These wayfarers, now moving on to establish new homes, will a year or two hence load down the cars of the company with choicest wheat; and they will reach out their arms all the way to New York, and Boston, and Philadelphia, and take the products of the East in return. Towns and cities will rise like magic over these green fields. The locomotive will bring them a few days hence.

A year ago, a profound solitude; to-day, alive with incoming population; next year reapers, mowers, threshers, voices of children learning their lessons in school, and church-bells ringing their music on the ambient air!

So this green sea of the Northwest is changing from silence and solitude to life and activity at a rate unparalleled in the history of the Republic.

GEORGETOWN, MINN., June 27th, 1871.

CHROMOS.

BY MRS. L. MARIA CHILD.

SOLEMN sayings of theology and stern rebukes of reform are mixed in your columns with lighter and more entertaining matter—even to lively descriptions of senators' eyes and noses and ladies' style of dressing at levees. So, if I have nothing very weighty to say, the unimportant words may find a place, on the ground that "variety is pleasing."

The sound of sweet music, or visions of beauty in the form of pictures or flowers, have always had a tendency to send my thoughts forth on fanciful rambles, in the course of which I sometimes pick up an eagle's plume, and sometimes a canary-bird's feather. Such agencies still impel me to wide excursions, though imagination is less nimble-footed than of yore. What beckons to me now is a little gem of a chromo, recently issued by Prang & Co. It is a fruit-piece, bearing the name of C. P. Ream. The coloring is true to Nature in her richest tints, and there is graceful fancy in the grouping. A pearly vase, with golden edge, is filled with fresh purple plums, from which the blue film is not removed by handling. Resting on a marble slab beneath it is a large, luscious-looking peach, and a cluster of transparent yellow grapes, that seem to have filled their cups with golden honey, in grateful offering to the sun. A delicate white film, slight as breath upon a mirror, partially veils their glow. The painting was beautifully conceived and executed, and he who could distinguish it from the chromo copy must have eyes as fine as the ears of a musician who could detect the variation of the tenth part of a semi-tone in the tuning of instruments.

From my first glance at it I derived that quick sensation of pleasure which as a child I used to feel at the first sprinkling of golden flowers on a verdant meadow. Then I wondered, for the hundredth time, how any one could prefer an inferior oil-painting to an excellent chromo from a beautiful original. For myself, I feel thankful that chromos and stereoscopes have been brought into the programme of my life; and equally thankful that such sources of pleasure are easily accessible to millions. I have often thought how dreary old age must have been before that man in Holland of blessed memory invented artificial eyes in the form of spectacles. I hope he has his reward in being able to look all over the world now, and see how many old souls he cheers with visions of beauty and precious words of truth and consolation. Something of the same pity that I feel for the old folks who never knew the help of spectacles I also feel for those who passed off the stage before invention multiplied our pleasures and extended our vision by aid of chromos and stereoscopes.

How delightful it is, by merely looking through a stereoscope, to travel all over the world, without the fatigue of stages and steamboats and the annoyance of crowded hotels! I wander on the shores of Swiss and Scottish lakes, I peep into the recesses of snow grottoes in Alaska, I invade the privacy of royal palaces, I am introduced to the solemn beauty of cathedral aisles, I have before me the glittering frost-work of a vanished year, I see children at their play across the ocean, and I enter the sanctum of an old German professor, who has fallen fast asleep while giving a lesson to his granddaughter. The well-worn dictionary lies on the table, his long pipe rests on the floor, and his pupil watches him silently while he "sleeps as sweetly as a child when his friends are with him." Certainly the old man has a quiet conscience. I have looked at him so much that he seems like a familiar friend. If I meet him on the other side of Jordan I shall be sure to recognize him, and go up to shake hands with him. And when he asks: "How came you to know me?" I shall say to him: "Oh, I have been in your room in Germany many a time." And I will prove it by describing the books on the shelves, the stuff that covered his arm-chair, and the figures on the table-cloth. That will puzzle him; and he will murmur to himself: "Was there, then, witchcraft in that mysterious world we came from?" "Indeed, there was," I shall answer; "a most potent wizard named Invention dwells there. He sends lightning on swift errands from the equator to the poles; he enables people to see each other across the ocean, and to speak to each other under the ocean.

"Ah, I see now how it was," exclaims the old professor, his countenance lighting up with a smile. "You came to my study through the invisible door of the stereoscope, and I knew not you were there. It is truly wonderful." "Not so wonderful as that you should understand my German so readily," will be my response. And he will reply: "Tones express the same things all the world over; and tones are the universal language here. Words are the mere bodies of ideas; they are left behind in that world where they were born, and only their souls come here." I hope it is so. It would be so pleasant to get at the stores of German thought without thinking of irregular verbs and all the perplexing variations of gender.

I have often thought that the wildest dreams of imagination contained some possible truths, and that man never conceived of anything that was not a likeness, more or less grotesque, of something past or future. Witches on a broom-stick, traversing the air hundreds of miles in a few hours, were but an awkward prophecy of the electric telegraph; and wizards, said to have summoned visions of apartments in distant lands, and shown what the inhabitants are doing there, are thrown into the shade by the exploits of photographs and stereoscopes and telescopes and microscopes. In all these marvelous stories the Spirit of the Future, up in her attic, was whispering to us, down in the kitchen, through the speaking-tube of fancy; but we did not understand her till the fantasy took a regular form in fact. Who knows what prophecy may be contained in stories about going to the moon?

What unrecorded labors there have been between the first glimmering of the possibility of an invention and its complete realization the world will never know. How many successive brains thought, how many successive hands worked, to perfect one of those articles of use or ornament which now constitute our common stock of household goods! How many failures between the first conception and the final complete success! And how each one, while occupied with embodying his own thought, was working for others far better than he knew! Even brave old Pallisy, whose perseverance accomplished such wonders in the potter's art, formed no conception of the delicate fabric and artistic patterns of modern French china.

The chromos that have now arrived at such perfection have grown slowly, through a succession of minds, since lithography was first suggested to Senefelder by the transfer of his washing-bill to paper from a stone of peculiar chemical qualities. I hope he sees "The Barefoot Boy," and "Whittier's Birthplace," and "The Easter Morning," and "The Plums and Grapes," and other beautiful chromos, which now impart a cheerful aspect to so many homes. It must be a joy worthy of Heaven to see an idea that struggled into birth from one's brain thus carried out into a universal blessing for the world.

It is a mistake to suppose that the production of a good chromo is even now an easy and merely mechanical task. The process is extremely complicated and elaborate, and requires accurate chemical knowledge, as well as artistic skill. Thirty or forty tints are often laid on, in slow succession, to produce one picture; and the slightest mistake renders a renewal of the tedious process necessary. At first there is a mere fog of color; gradually a pale ghost of what is to be gleams through the fog; then harlequin rays flutter dimly round the ghost; and, at last, the principal figure stands out in full perfection, with all its accessories harmonized around it. It seems to me like the human soul growing through the fogs of infancy and the fantasies of youth; the experiences of life laying on one tint after another, often without apparent use, but all helping the development of a perfect manhood.

I know many fall far short of perfection, both men and chromos. But to sneer at chromos because many poor ones are thrown into the market seems to me as foolish as it would be to undervalue the invention of printing because heaps of tawdry false jewelry, in the form of sensational novels, come before the public with the genuine diamonds and pearls of Miss Muloch and Mrs. Lewes, better known by her *nom de plume* of George Eliot.

News of the Week.

THE Orange-Ribbon riots have once more cursed our city. In the editorial columns of last week's issue our readers saw the announcement that the anniversary parade of the Orangemen had been prohibited by the city authorities. This action of the Tammany officials on Tuesday evoked such a torrent of protest from the liberty-loving portion of the community that the Governor of the state found it necessary, at the eleventh hour, to undo the work of his Mayor. Late in the evening of that day he issued a proclamation revoking the order forbidding the parade, and assuring the Orangemen that they should be protected by the civil and military powers at his command. The Orangemen, in obedience to the Mayor's decree, had given over their design to parade and their plans were all disarranged; but, so vehement was the demand that they should maintain their rights, that, out of deference to the principle at stake, small delegations from four of their lodges, not exceeding 150 all told, assembled at their headquarters, corner of 8th avenue and 29th street, and prepared to march. They were attended by a powerful escort—six regiments of the National Guard and about 1,500 policemen. Protected on every side by these, they commenced to move down 8th avenue at about 2½ P. M., through a dense mass of people, many of whom had come through curiosity, but the majority of whom were members of the mob to be, with ruffianlike visages and well armed with concealed weapons. The procession was almost immediately greeted with torrents of abusive epithets and groans, then by showers of missiles of every kind, and finally by one or two pistol-shots. At this a halt was made, and the squadrons of police, who flanked the procession on every side, charged on the rioters, and with sturdy and well-directed blows from their clubs for the time being quelled the demonstrations, making many arrests. The line once more resumed its march, and had proceeded as far as the block between 24th and 23d streets, when the mob, which had meanwhile become more organized, made a fresh onslaught, this time firing pistols and muskets in numerous cases, killing and wounding several of the soldiers. The crisis had come. The soldiers, with whom forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, now that they saw their comrades stricken down in the ranks, immediately poured a withering volley into the dense masses on the eastern pavement, in the windows, and on the house-tops, from whence the attack had come. The firing, commencing on the right of the 84th regiment, was taken up by the 6th and 9th, extending a distance of two blocks, and its effects were terrible. On the pavement, in the gutters, down the cross streets lay piles of dead and wounded, and blood ran in streams down the sewers. This fearful fusillade nipped the riot in its bud. The mob were thoroughly broken and dismayed. They fled in every direction. Of course, in the crowd were many innocent persons, and they suffered along with the guilty. It is estimated that the killed and wounded exceed 130. The true number will probably never be known, inasmuch as many of the victims were hurried off by their friends to places of concealment. Never did a mob mean more mischief; never was one so effectually quelled. The military and police both did their duty manfully throughout the day. They suffered severely too; many of both branches of the service being killed or wounded by the rioters. After this summary treatment the mob no more molested the procession, and it moved on to the end of its route, and then the Orangemen, having previously removed the badges and regalia of their order and concealed them beneath their clothing, quietly slipped out from among their protectors, repairing unostentatiously to their homes, and the military and police were dismissed.

....From France we have intelligence that President Thiers has announced that the siege of Paris will shortly be raised, and that the capital will be removed from Versailles to that city after the October recess in the Assembly.... The committee of the Assembly having under consideration the reorganization of the army have favorably reported on the adoption of the compulsory service principle, and that, therefore, the National Guards will soon be dissolved throughout the country.... M. Jules Favre has informed the Italian Government that France will neither raise nor agitate the question as to the temporal power of the Pope.... It is officially denied that 1,000 French women arrested in Paris as incendiaries, etc., after the occupation of the city by the Versaillists will be transported to Cayenne, as heretofore reported.... Negotiations are already entered upon with Germany with reference to anticipating the future payments of German indemnity.... Archbishop Guibert, of Tours, has been appointed successor to Monsigneur Darboy as Archbishop of Paris.... Count de Polignac is dead. He was one of the oldest members of the Polignac family, which held high rank in France as far back as in the days of Louis XIV.

....A letter received at the War Department from Col. Grierson, commanding at Fort Sill, gives reasons for apprehending war with the Kiowa and Apache tribes of Indians. Three of their chiefs—Satanta, Satank, and Big Tree—who were recently captured whilst on marauding expeditions against the whites, and who were being tried for murder by the authorities, have been shot by their guards in an attempt to effect their escape. It is feared that there will be a general outbreak of the Indians to avenge the death of their chiefs. A movement of the troops stationed in that region is being inaugurated, with a view to repelling such attack by the Indians, should it be made.... Indian depredations on the settlers at Prescott, Arizona, had become so exasperating that early in June a large party, composed partly of military and partly of citizens, started in pursuit of some of the bands; and, coming up with them, administered terrible punishment. In three several encounters 56 of the savages were killed and many of their stolen horses were recaptured. The inhabitants of Prescott were much elated at the success of their expedition.

....There have been some stormy debates in the Spanish Cortes recently, principally on the question of sustaining the government and with reference to the colonial policy of the same. The opposition members severely criticised the "vacillating conduct" of the government in its attempts to suppress the insurrection in Cuba; and also upbraided the ministry for listening to alleged proposals on the part of the U. S. minister to purchase the island. It was finally resolved to retain the island at any cost, and also to give the government full support in its measures for quelling the insurrection. The Cortes passed the bill for continuing the tobacco monopoly in the hands of the government.... Señor Morete, the minister of finance, has finally resigned, and Señor Sagasta has assumed charge of the department *ad interim*.... The assassin of Gen. Prim has been arrested.

....News from our fleet in the Corean waters, received *via* Yokohama and San Francisco, gives further details of the recent capture of forts on the Island of Corea by the U. S. vessels under the command of Admiral Rodgers. The particulars do not essentially differ from those already received and published. We now learn that a Corean deputation visited the fleet previous to the capture of the forts, but made no apology for the unprovoked attack on our boats made from the land, and stated that the Coreans refused to hold any intercourse whatever with foreign nations. Hence the Admiral, after giving them due notice of his intentions, landed a large force, and after some severe fighting took possession of the works. He is now awaiting further instructions from Washington.

....The Cuban patriot Gen. Quesada, with 200 Venezuelans, landed in Cuba, at Ciego Santana de Lleo, ten leagues from Santiago de Cuba, on the 9th inst. They were almost immediately attacked by Spanish troops, in which encounter, the Havana authorities state, the Venezuelans had a large number killed and wounded. The loss of the Spaniards was also severe. A quantity of camp equipage, arms, and ammunition was captured from the insurgents. The Spanish troops are represented as being in hot pursuit of their retreating enemy.

....From Russia we learn that Prince Gortschakoff has expressed to the deputation of the American Evangelical Alliance the sympathy of the Czar with the object of their mission—the advancement of the cause of religious liberty in Russia. ....There has been a terrible conflagration in the port of Riga, by which fully thirty ships, half of them loaded with hemp and corn, were destroyed. An American bark was among the number.

....The Illinois and Lake Michigan Canal, constructed for the purpose of causing the waters of the lake to find an outlet *via* the Chicago and Illinois Rivers into the Mississippi, which has been in progress for about five years and which has cost over $3,000,000, is now completed, and proves to be a grand success.

....Gen. Parker, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, has resigned his office, to date from August 1st, and the President has accepted the resignation.

....Cornelius V. S. Roosevelt, an universally known and respected merchant of this city, died on the 17th inst., aged 78.

....The Democratic State Committee of Arkansas endorses the "New Departure" platform of the Ohio Democracy.

....The Austrian Government has formally ratified the naturalization treaty with this country.

Publisher's Department.

MESSRS. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, N. Y., are authorized to receive advertisements for this paper at our lowest prices.

THE PROFITABLE INVESTMENT OF MONEY.

IT is announced, in a Washington dispatch, that Secretary Boutwell, having already disposed of something like $67,000,000 of the new Government Five Per Cent. Bonds, (substituting 5 per cent. interest for 6, to the holders of old 5-20s to that amount), proposes to exercise his discretionary power, and call in twenty millions more 6 per cent. bonds. Holders of Government 6 per cents. naturally dislike to exchange them for bonds yielding one per cent. less revenue; but it is within the power and in accordance with the present policy of the Government to make this reduction as fast as the old bonds can be redeemed under the law. At the selling price Governments pay barely 5 per cent. upon their cost, and even this rate is likely to be diminished. Holders, therefore, who look forward for the best long-time investments are selling Governments at the present high prices, and reinvesting in such well secured and largely paying securities as the 8 per cent. Mortgage Bonds of The New Orleans, Mobile, and Texas Railroad Company. These bonds are offered now at 90; and, as they will pay 8 per cent. interest for forty-five years, and are based upon the only railroad line connecting New Orleans and Texas, they appear to combine safety and profit in a high degree. They are also further secured by the fact that the whole line is two-thirds done, the stockholders having expended nearly ten millions dollars of their own funds on the work.

How much more profitable these bonds are than Government Fives is shown by the comparison in the advertisement of the Company's Financial Agent, in another column.

CONNECTICUT GENERAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS Company, though one of the youngest of the Hartford life insurance companies, has still been so prudently managed as to win the kind regard of both friends and competitors.

The personal acquaintance we have enjoyed with its officers, and our knowledge of the manner of its business, the care taken in its investments, and the character of its securities, justify us in commending it to the confidence of those seeking for life insurance.

A new plan has been devised and adopted by the Company, which has met the approval of the highest actuarial ability, and is endorsed by the experience of life insurance experts. It is known as the Savings Endowment Plan; for full explanation of which we refer all to the circular of the Company, and its secretary, Thos. H. Russell, Hartford, Conn., or advertisement elsewhere.

PYLE'S O K SOAP, Saleratus, and Cream Tartar are first-class household articles, and will so prove themselves on trial. Sold by all first-class grocers. Manufactured by JAMES PYLE, 350 Washington St., New York.

FARNHAM'S Permanent Cure for the Asthma. Relief guaranteed in five minutes. Price, $3 per box. Sent by mail. WM. H. FARNHAM & Co., 210 Broadway, New York. P.O. Box 2943.

DR. COLLINS'S OPIUM ANTIDOTE.

A PHYSICIAN'S VERDICT.

WE willingly give place to the following letter of Dr. Paterson.

The Doctor is a graduate of the University of Aberdeen, Scotland, has been a practitioner of medicine for many years, and his statements regarding the Opium Antidote come well authenticated.

While the profession as a rule is strongly opposed to secret remedies, and constantly at war with their originators, it is no mean argument in favor of the Opium Antidote that physicians with a wonderful unanimity accord to it all that its inventor claims, and pronounce it the most wonderful discovery of the age.

ROCKPORT, IND., May 12, 1871.

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Dear Sir:—Since I left the army I have suffered with rheumatism. Dr. Milner, a medical friend, used on me the Hyperdermic Syringe. It relieved me. I used it until I became a victim of the Opium Habit. After the use of the syringe about two years it required 10 to 12 grains per day. I could not sleep until an injection was administered. My wife would get up at all hours of the night and use the syringe on me. My health suffered so much that I was confined to my room and at last to my bed. I could not eat until I used the morphine. My nervous system was a total wreck. I had but one operation from the bowels in seven days and then by the use of Davidson's bowel syringe. I was a walking skeleton; no appetite; low spirits. I tried everything as an antidote—at one time poisoned myself with Belladonna.

A friend, knowing my ultra views in regard to secret remedies, sent me your Pamphlet. A drowning man will catch at a straw. I sent for a bottle of the Antidote; took one dose; followed directions blindly; and have never used Morphine since; and, what astonishes me, *I had no desire!*

I have not yet taken two bottles. My health is good. I get up in the morning and *eat my breakfast*. I sleep well, gaining in flesh. My friends are all astonished to see me. I have now resumed business, and have no desire for Morphine whatever.

During a practice of twenty years I have seen the strong-minded become the slaves of this unfortunate habit. I have known some of the best minds in Europe and America destroyed by its use; but I thank God to-day that I can say Eureka!

Doctor, you can use this testimony if you wish. If it should be the means of saving some poor soul from the terrible Opium Habit I shall be truly glad.

You, my dear sir, have my sincere thanks for your promptness in sending me the medicine. The profession owe you a debt that we can never pay. Respectfully yours,

JOHN J. PATERSON, M.D.

STATE OF INDIANA, } ss.
SPENCER COUNTY. }

I, J. W. Laird, Clerk of the Spencer Circuit Court, do certify that the above-named Dr. John J. Paterson, whose genuine signature appears to the foregoing instrument, and with whom I am personally acquainted, is a respectable physician of Rockport, in said county, and that he is entitled to credit as said physician and as a private citizen.

In testimony of which I hereunto set my hand and affix the seal of said Court this 12th day of May, 1871.

SEAL OF CIRCUIT COURT OF SPENCER COUNTY.

J. W. LAIRD, Clerk.

We advise all the victims of this habit to address Dr. Collins, at La Porte, Ind., and read his little book, "THERIAKI."

THE RESULTS OF ADVERTISING IN THE INDEPENDENT.

We have received the following letter, which speaks for itself:

OFFICE OF THE ELASTIC TRUSS CO., 683 Broadway, NEW YORK, July 18th, 1871.

TO THE PUBLISHER OF THE INDEPENDENT:

From the notice of THE ELASTIC TRUSS AND SUPPORTER in THE INDEPENDENT of May 4th we received from fifteen to twenty letters daily for the first two weeks, and are now in receipt of several letters daily, all referring to THE INDEPENDENT. We have received upward of 350 letters from all parts of the country, the majority containing orders for Trusses and Supporters. Numerous calls also resulted from that notice. Each truss we sell serves as a nucleus for other sales, as its superiority and low price become known. We have received far greater benefit from the one insertion of May 4th in your paper than from any advertising we have ever done in any six other papers. We have already received ten times the amount of the cost of that notice, besides the certainty of continued patronage from quarters we could not have been reached but for your advertisement. We enclose advertisement for your next number. Very respectfully,

GEORGE V. HOUSE, General Superintendent.

No. 23 Nassau Street. New York.

The value of THE INDEPENDENT as an advertising medium for any useful article is fully demonstrated by the above letter. We think, however, that, but for the fact that other trusses heretofore extensively advertised, have so often proved unsatisfactory, the immediate result of the notice of the Elastic Truss in our paper of the 4th of May would have been still more profitable.

In calling attention to the advertisement in another column of this paper we will say that we have taken the trouble to look into the merits of THE ELASTIC TRUSS AND SUPPORTER, and we are very certain that it is far superior to and must, as it becomes known, supersede the painful metal trusses. The following is a specimen of many letters we have seen:

WEST BROOKFIELD, MASS., June 6th, 1871.

ELASTIC TRUSS CO., New York:

I am in need of another Double Elastic Truss. Having tried one on a patient who was incapacitated from following his business, I am sure that they are what they purport to be. I find they always answer the expectations which their plate and description excites. The patient measures 36 inches around the body over the rupture.

Yours, respectfully,
A. G. BLODGETT, M. D.

FRUIT JARS.

NOT THE CHEAPEST, BUT THE BEST.

WE desire to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement, in another column, of the GENUINE MASON FRUIT JAR, manufactured by the Sheet Metal Screw Company of this city.

This jar has been so long and favorably known to the public that any *puffing* would seem unnecessary. The strongest recommendation in its favor is that, although the oldest jar in the market, it still leads all rivals in reputation, quality, and sales.

The recent improvement by the application of the Porcelain Lining to the cover removes the only possible objection which could be brought against it as a *perfect fruit preserver*. It can be obtained from all the leading dealers throughout the country, accompanied by full directions for use.

CHAPPED hands, face, and all roughness of the skin certainly cured by using the Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. It surpasses all other remedies, as it will prevent roughness of the skin if used during cold weather. It is conveniently applied, avoiding all the troubles of the greasy compounds now in use. It can be used by ladies with the most tender skin, without irritation or pain, making it soft and clear. Sold by druggists generally.

ROCKWOOD & Co. have four separate skylights for photographing. Hence no delay to sitters. 845 Broadway.

INVESTING MONEY

SPECIAL attention is invited to the advertisements in our columns of those bankers who offer first-class railroad bonds, etc., for sale. Many are now selling Governments and other stocks, and converting the proceeds into good *first mortgage* railroad bonds.

Our subscribers will please understand that they can send money, government bonds, or any kind of securities to this office, to be sold and the proceeds converted into any stocks or railroad bonds *advertised in* THE INDEPENDENT. No charge whatever will be made for our services. In most cases we can obtain a *better price* for securities to be thus exchanged than if sent direct to a broker or banker, besides saving broker's commission. This offer is made only to our subscribers, who oftentimes neglect to make investments simply because they fear to make a remittance to an unknown party. In all cases explicit directions must be given. Address HENRY C. BOWEN, Publisher of THE INDEPENDENT, 3 Park Place, New York.

EXAMPLES FOR THE LADIES.

MISS C——, of Troy, N. Y., with a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, earned in three years and eleven months $2,308.92; stitching 638,652 collars, the length of seam being 380,602 yards, and the number of stitches 117,102,300, an average of 100,000 a day and 12,500 an hour. This stitching was all done by foot-power, and the machine is still in perfect order. It had no extra care, but was simply oiled and cleaned daily. This amount of stitching by hand, at 30 stitches a minute, would have been more than 20 years' work.

ROSE COLD, HAY FEVER are conquered by Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

DECKER BROS., PIANO MANUFACTURERS, 33 Union Square, (BROADWAY), between 16th and 17th streets, NEW YORK.

A Great Offer. HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of ONE HUNDRED PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers, including WATERS', at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES FOR CASH, DURING THIS MONTH, or will take a small portion cash, and balance in monthly or quarterly installments.

Nicol & Davidson, 686 BROADWAY, SUCCESSORS TO E. V. HAUGHWOUT & CO., offer at great BARGAINS their entire stock (now open to all) of 800 pack-ages FRENCH CHINA, GLASSWARE, and ENGLISH STONE CHINA. Complete English Dinner Sets, $50; French China Dinner Sets, $32; Decorated Dinner Sets, $50; Tea Sets, $12; Breakfast Sets, 48 pieces, $12; Decorated Toilet Sets, $4.50, White Toilet Sets, $2.50 and $4.50; Gobiets, $1.50 dozen. Sets made to order, with crests, arms, monograms, or initials. Goods delivered free in the city or suburbs.

Nicol & Davidson, 686 BROADWAY, SUCCESSORS TO E. V. HAUGHWOUT & CO., offer the finest stock in the city of CHANDELIERS, BRACKETS, and GAS FIXTURES, imported and of our manufacture, comprising new and beautiful patterns of the above goods in GLASS, GILT, BRONZE, PORCELAIN, and ILLUMINATED COLORS.

Nicol & Davidson, 686 BROADWAY, SUCCESSORS TO E. V. HAUGHWOUT & CO., offer a very full line of GORHAM PLATED-WARE at exact factory prices, consisting of our own manufacture, warranted best Plate SPOONS, FORKS, TEA-SETS, CASTERS, ICE PITCHERS, WAITERS, etc., etc.

Nicol & Davidson, 686 BROADWAY, SUCCESSORS TO E. V. HAUGHWOUT & CO., offer Bargains in Fine Sheffield Table Cutlery. Ivory-handled Table-Knives, $7.75 dozen; Dessert-Knives, $5.75 dozen; Ivory-handled Table Knives, Silver-Plated Blades, $11.50 dozen.

THE FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS OF THE New Orleans, Mobile, and Texas RAILROAD COMPANY,

bear 8 per cent. currency, or 7 per cent. gold interest; have 40 years to run; are in the denomination of $1,000 or £200 each; are limited in amount to $12,500 per mile; and are based upon the Louisiana Division of the great trunk line from Mobile through New Orleans to Houston, of which line two-thirds is already built. These bonds are offered for the present at 90, and accrued interest from July 1.

The advantages of these bonds for

Safe and Profitable Investment

are manifest upon examination. No railroad bond is better secured, while holders of Government bonds will find a decided profit in selling at the present high prices and reinvesting in these bonds, which cost less but pay much larger interest.

The fullest information given on application.

W. B. SHATTUCK, Banker, AND FINANCIAL AGENT N. O., M., & T. R. R. CO., No. 23 Nassau Street. New York.

John J. Cisco & Son, BANKERS, No. 59 Wall St., New York.

Gold and Currency received on deposit, subject to check at sight.

Interest allowed on Currency Accounts at the rate of Four per Cent. per annum, credited at the end of each month.

ALL CHECKS DRAWN ON US PASS THROUGH THE CLEARING-HOUSE, AND ARE RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT BY ALL THE CITY BANKS.

Certificates of Deposit issued, payable on demand bearing Four per Cent. interest.

Loans negotiated.

Orders promptly executed for the Purchase and Sale of Governments, Gold, Stocks, and Bonds on commission.

Collections made on all parts of the United States, and Canada.

JAY COOKE, McCULLOCH & CO., No. 41 Lombard St., London.

BILLS OF EXCHANGE ON ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND, & WALES.

COMMERCIAL CREDITS, CABLE TRANSFERS,

Our Circular Letter for Travelers

available in all parts of the world, can be procured at either of our offices or through our correspondents.

At our London Banking House arrangements have been made for the reception of

AMERICAN TOURISTS,

with due attention to their correspondence and the latest advices from the United States.

Passports furnished without charge.

JAY COOKE & CO., NEW YORK. PHILADELPHIA. WASHINGTON.

12TH SCRIP DIVIDEND, 1871. 60 PER CENT.

AMERICAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, EQUITABLE BUILDING, 120 BROADWAY.

Cash Capital, - - - $400.000 00
Assets, July 1, 1871, - - 1.008.135 73.

NEW YORK, July 10th, 1871.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS HAVE DECLARED a Scrip Dividend of SIXTY PER CENT. to Policyholders entitled thereto. Certificates to be issued August 15th.

Interest at the rate of SIX PER CENT. on outstanding Scrip, payable Aug. 15th.

The Certificate of TEN PER CENT., payable to Stockholders July 12th.

THOS. L. THORNELL, Secretary.

A GOOD SECURITY.

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FEVER AND AGUE.

F

The Independent

CHICAGO LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

WHEN a Methodist of surburban tastes moves to Chicago, he escapes all trouble in settling that perplexing question, Where shall I live? It is settled for him. He goes to Evanston. So much for the best given to the twig of a town a few years ago by a good school. The town has grown and the school has grown; and when its yet embryo law department fledges out, the Northwestern will be the completest university in the land. I say completest deliberately, having in mind the ladies' department just being added. That calls itself the Evanston College for Ladies, but reserves the feminine privilege of changing its name for that of such advancer as may lay in its lap a suitable dower. He friends feel good over the results of its corner-stone celebration on the Fourth. The occasion generated the two things needful, enthusiasm and money, in liberal quantities, the day closing with the treasury better off by over $25,000 than it began. The new building will need $40,000. The board congratulate themselves that they builded even better than they knew when they called Miss Willard to the presidency. She happily adds to her fine culture and great energy the genius of how-to-do-it, that is wanted at every step in the organization of such an enterprise. The classes in the Ladies' College will recite with the gentlemen of the other departments of the University so far as they have common studies. But its course will recognize the fact that women are not men. Notable among its features will be studies in housekeeping. All hail the day when, as the Annapolis cadets stand an examination on a steam-engine, with a view to proving their competency to turn engineer and "run" it, should an emergency so require, the graduates of colleges for women shall be able to run a cooking-stove! This Evanston experiment of a woman's college as a university department, differing as it does from the policy adopted at the Michigan State University, and resembling more the idea wrought out years ago at Oberlin, will be watched with interest. I have heard that the best minds in Oberlin, like Drs. Finney and Fairchild, after watching the workings of the co-education of sexes for a third of a century, still question its success where there are not the restraints of strong religious influences in the college atmosphere. There need be no fear of Evanston on that point; but how about some other colleges which are urged to open their doors to women?

Dr. Vincent, tarrying here a day or two on his return home from California, was met by several of our Sunday-school generals, who in an informal way canvassed the feasibility of a uniform series of Sunday-school lessons for all denominations—that is, uniformity to the extent of using the same passages of Scripture. The strongest argument for it was an incidental one—that it would tend to bring together the workers of different denominations in union teachers' meetings, and solve the hitherto almost insoluble problem of how to keep up teachers' meetings in small places. The Saturday-noon meeting in Farwell Hall is evidence on the first point. You would go far to find—to some other planet, I suspect—four or five hundred teachers of all denominations, gathering as regularly for such enthusiastic study of the Word. He must be limber in the knees who gets the floor in that lively meeting. And its tendency is continually to round denominational angles, and rub out denominational prejudices.

The Presbyterian Theological Seminary waits, not with unclouded hope, probably, for Dr. Prentiss's answer to his latest appointment to its faculty. A large transseminary circle would rejoice in his acceptance; and not the less that it would bring among us the author of "Stepping Heavenward."

It is the way of this newspaper age that the most we on the ground hear of the Cheney case is in the religious weeklies, which fire into it at long range from New York and Hartford and Boston. Mr. Cheney continues to officiate in his pulpit, notwithstanding the fulmination of his bishop; and his church, with over three exceptions, stand by him. But, of course, this anomalous state of things cannot last always. A Congregational church, shut out from the fellowship of its denomination by such slender bars as a "council" can put up, generally gets uncomfortable, and in some way contrives to slip back into the old herd, or finds its way into some other fold. What must be the lonesomeness of an Episcopal church out in the cold! Earlier in the controversy a "new departure" was probably an objective point more or less clearly defined in the dim distance by Mr. Cheney and his friends. It is understood that the appeal to the civil courts was really for the purpose of gaining time, that he might get his church in hand, like a well-drilled regiment, that can be depended on to stand up to work in a tight place without breaking. At any rate, this was one of its results. However, there are one or two dissentients, through whom the Bishop will probably operate, if he decides to call in legal measures to push his recalcitrant rector into the street. But it looks as though each party, like puzzled checker-players, would be glad to have the other lead off in the next move. Personally this case has its queer features. It is well known what a Low Churchman the Rev. Mr. Whitehouse was until he was *elevated* to a bishopric. And I am told that Hon. M. W. Fuller, the able attorney who has managed Mr. Cheney's case throughout so enthusiastically and without a cent of pay, as a Churchman really sympathizes with the Bishop rather than with his client. Judge Jameson, who gave the decision against the Bishop in the lower court, is of Low Church sympathies, but not the sort of a man to be swerved on the bench by such a fact.

The new La Salle Street Tunnel, the second one that has burrowed under our fragrant river, was formally opened on the 4th of July. Travelers who have missed a train while waiting for one of our ever-swinging, lazy bridges to close know what a convenience this stands for. This tunnel is dry and airy; and, standing at its center, one finds it difficult to realize that ocean steamers are ploughing the waters over him. It cost a half a million dollars, and—whether or not you in your municipal latitude will believe it—seems to have been honest work for honest pay. The success of the other engineering enterprise which we have had on hand for several years—of turning the Chicago River into the Illinois, and so making a current *from* the lake, that shall wash out its fearful filth—is more problematical. A deep canal through the slight watershed between the fountains of the two streams is the expedient adopted. There is something relishing to Chicago audacity in the thought of drilling a river in the manual of arms, till it shall "right face" and move forward into the Gulf of Mexico, after running for six thousand or six hundred thousand years into Lake Michigan. A few days will test the success of the effort.

DUNCAN.

CHICAGO, July 12th, 1871.

AN enterprising phrenologist once wrote a polite note to the late Charles Dickens, asking permission to make an examination of his cranium. Mr. Dickens replied: "Dear Sir: At this time I require the use of my skull, but as soon as it shall be at leisure I will willingly place it at your disposal."

Art and Artists.

SUMMER EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

THE summer exhibitions are composed of such works of art as are allowed by their owners to remain from the spring exhibition, with such new and old works as may be contributed. Many of the best pictures of the spring collection have been withdrawn; but a good number of old pictures, some of which are familiar to us, and a few new ones, have made their appearance. Among the latter we notice "Torre del Schiavo, Ruins on the Roman Campagna; the Sabine Mountains in the Distance," by C. P. Cranch. The subject is a good one, and, had the artist treated it with even his ordinary ability, it would have made an interesting picture. As it is, the coloring is cold and uneongenial, is wanting in transparency, and has the appearance of being in an unfinished condition. "Approaching Night on the Shawangunk Mountains," by Kruseman Van Elten. The subject here is well chosen, but in color it is red and opaque, wanting that tenderness so essential in an evening picture. "The Last of the Old Ship," by A. Cary Smith, possesses more merit than the picture will ever receive, from its being a subject, like the ship, worn out by protracted use. It ought to be better than a thousand similar efforts which have gone before it to insure attention.

"Narragansett Coast," by John F. Hicks, is the work of a young artist, but possesses more than ordinary merit. The beach and the breaking surf are very truthfully rendered, both in drawing and color. Mr. Hicks is certainly on the right path. "Study on the Adirondacks," by Mrs. Jas. M. Hart, is a careful and conscientious bit of work—better than anything else we have ever seen from her hand. "Lake George," by Mrs. L. B. Culver," is so much in the style of Wm. Hart that it can hardly maintain the merit of an original work. "Winter Twilight," by Albert Insley—a new name. The picture is extraordinarily truthful, and far more agreeable than winter subjects are usually treated, giving us evidence of rare ability.

"Spring," by J. F. Kensett, "Summer," by W. Whittredge, "Autumn," by S. R. Gifford, and "Winter," by Jervis McEntee, form a series of interesting little pictures, painted by four of our leading artists. The "Summer" is the most attractive picture in all respects. "Winter" is painted with an evident intention of rendering the subject with great delicacy; but feebleness is the result. An engraving of this picture, which hangs near, is in all respects a better representation of the subject. "Spring" has a sketchy appearance, and "Autumn" is unhappily composed. These works are all earlier efforts of these artists. "Bethel, Me," by J. B. Bristol, is one of the artist's most successful imitations of Jas. Hart. Nevertheless, it is good, both in composition and color, and is one of the most attractive pictures in the exhibition. "Early Morning," by W. T. Richards, is a coast scene, and a picture embodying the tender spirit of the morning sea. The artist has in this, as in most of his late works, combined the mechanical with the synthetical in wonderful harmony.

"The Recognition" and "Rip Van Winkle" are two of F. O. C. Darley's happiest designs, in ink. The fine grouping, the ease and gracefulness of all the figures, are, like all his efforts, inimitable. "The Woodland Path," by T. W. Marshall, is the work of a rising young artist. It gives us a look into the forest, with a path losing itself in the shadows. The woods are wanting in depth and the foliage is too green; but the trunks of the foreground trees are very carefully studied. Some "Currants," by Miss Virginia Granbery, are ripe, tart, and juicy. "Making Sea-Weed Paper," by Mrs. M. Wiles, is one of the artist's characteristic winsome pieces. Some animals have taken refuge from the storm in an inhospitable shed. There is action in the drifting snow and a good sentiment in the picture. "The Blacksmith Shop," by J. H. Dolph, is not a new picture, but is probably the best work this artist has ever executed. The blacksmith is represented shoeing a horse in front of his shop, surrounded by sustaining figures. The figure of the smith as he is about to fit the shoe is truthfully drawn, and the expression of apprehension in the horse's face is finely rendered. Mr. Dolph should paint fewer landscapes and more figure pieces.

"Colorado," by A. F. Bunner, is necessarily after the style of Bierstadt; but is a better picture than the latter artist has been favoring us with of late. There is a good atmosphere on the mountains, and a conscientious painting of the middle and foreground. The "Young Lion," by Abbott H. Thayer, has his face much better painted than the rest of his form. James Fairman has four unusually fine studies. They are called "Studies from Nature" and will sustain a close inspection. In artistic merit they exceed many of his most elaborate pictures. George Hall has a study of "Cherries," in his usual happy treatment of fruit. Nothing of the kind could be better painted.

Scientific.

THE expedition about to be sent out by the Coast Survey, under the charge of Professor Agassis and Count Pourtales, to explore the sea at great depths in the Southern Atlantic and along the Pacific coast, revives the interest in the remarkable discoveries made by the late English deep-sea dredging explorations in the Mediterranean Sea. It seems, as *Nature* remarks, that Humboldt, as long ago as 1812, maintained that such a low temperature exists at great depths in tropical seas as can only be accounted for by the hypothesis of undercurrents from the Poles to the Equator. The temperature soundings taken in the last English expedition show that the bottom of the sea off Portugal below one thousand fathoms ranges from thirty-nine to thirty-five degrees, or about the freezing point. In the Mediterranean the temperature beneath the hot surface stratum of water is uniform to any depth—namely, about fifty-five degrees. It is plainly inferred that in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans an undercurrent of polar icy water is flowing southward under the warmer tropical waters; and this is sustained by the discovery at great depths of polar animals in the seas of Florida and Cuba. The English expedition under Professor Carpenter, the well known physiologist, has also detected the existence of an outward undercurrent in the Strait of Gibraltar, which carries back into the Atlantic the water of the Mediterranean that has undergone concentration by the excess of evaporation in its basin. Professor Carpenter confirms the theory previously urged by Captain Maury, that the cause of the superficial in-current and the deep out-current is to be found in the excess of evaporation, the Mediterranean water being from evaporation denser than the water of the Atlantic. Carpenter then compares the polar and equatorial areas, and shows that there is a tendency in the former to a lowering of level and increase of density, which places it in the same relation to the latter as the Mediterranean bears to the Atlantic. Moreover, the influence of polar cold will be to produce a continual descent of the water within its ares; thus constituting the motive force of the ocean currents.

....The *English Mechanic* has described and illustrated the three most successful machines at present constructed for the artificial production of cold for the transportation in ships of preserved meat. Mr. Gamgee, however, is working upon one, which he thinks will overcome all difficulties, producing results equal to the other machine, with one-tenth of the power, which, moreover, will be supplied by the engine employed in driving the vessel. Reece's process would appear to furnish all the requisites to success, as a ship bringing 1,000 tons of meat from Australia can be kept sufficiently cool with a good ammonia machine at an expenditure of only twenty-five tons of coal. If, therefore, the practical application of this method does not offer obstacles unforeseen in the experimental trials, the problem is solved. Meat has been cooked and eaten ten months after preservation by the antiseptic process of Mr. Gamgee; and, if the tons upon tons now wasted in Australia can be carried to England, they would find a ready sale.

....Mr. A. Garratt writes to the *American Naturalist* of his experiences in collecting shells in the Viti Islands. Having previously explored nearly every South Sea group, he was surprised at the superior richness of the Viti Islands. Of shells alone he found about fourteen hundred species, and he thinks they will produce six hundred more. At the Navigator's he found nearly eight hundred species. Tahiti produced five hundred. So it is evident that the nearer we approach the East Indies the richer the islands become in shells. The same rule applies to every other department of natural history. Among the obstacles besetting the path of the scientific explorers in these islands are the cannibalistic propensities of the natives. While he was in the group the natives killed the Rev. Mr. Baker and eight native teachers. Cannibalism is still common at the islands, and many parts of the group are too dangerous to explore.

....Prof. C. F. Hartt has opened up a new field of inquiry in American archæology. The *American Naturalist* for May contained an interesting article, very fully illustrated, on rock inscriptions by the early inhabitants of the coast of Brazil. In the same magazine for July he gives an article with numerous sketches on the ancient Indian pottery of Marajo, Brazil, referring chiefly to the existence of Indian burial-places in the valley of the Amazons, in which the dead were interred in earthern vases or pots—the largest even too small to accommodate a skeleton, even if disarticulated. All the bones found in the urns were fragmentary. The probabilities are that the bodies were burned, and that only the ashes and charred bones were placed in the urns. On one of the flat dishes found in the mounds was "a cross of the ordinary Christian type; but it is well known that this emblem is one of the simplest of ornaments in use, not only among pagan nations, long before the Christian era, but to-day." He thinks, moreover, that, if the Indians who made the Marajo mounds had been Christianized, they would not have buried their dead in jars. These mounds antedate the discovery of America.

....The *Academy* reviews a recent work by Peschel, a German geographer, who endeavors to refute the idea that there are mountains and valleys in the sea-bed, similar to the rugged ups and downs of the land. It has been proved that every island is either the unsubmerged hight of a sinking portion of the continent nearest to which it lies, identifiable as a former part of the mainland through its geological formation, its plants and animals, or to have been independently raised by volcanic force or by the coral animal. Dr. Peschel also remarks that since the Tertiary period the continents have tended to add to their extent to the north and westward, while to the south and east of the present dry land there lie only the submerged and sinking portions. Yet, though the northern hemisphere has gained more land than it lost, and the southern has lost more than it has gained, the proportion of land and water surface has remained exactly the same.

....The *Chemical News* gives an account of the effects of an explosion of ten drops of nitro-glycerine which took place in a German laboratory. This quantity was poured into a small iron saucepan, and then heated with a Bunsen burner. Forty-six panes of glass of the windows were broken to atoms, the saucepan was hurled through a brick wall, the stout iron stand on which the vessel had rested was partly split and partly spirally twisted, and the tube of the Bunsen burner flattened out. Fortunately, no one of the three persons present was injured.

....The bedding of the Dutch workingman, says the *English Mechanic*, in an interesting article on Dutch industry, is made of kapok, a silky fiber from the tree gourd of a tree known only in the Indies. From the seed is obtained oil, and cattle are fed with the refuse. Neither moths nor vermin will attack this material, and hence the Dutch are helped by Nature in keeping their house-holds wholesome.

....It seems, according to Dr. Cobbol, that Mr. John Freer was the first person to assert, on the evidence of flint implements, the high antiquity of man. Freer pointed out, in a letter to the Society of Antiquaries, dated June 23d, 1797, that some flint implements found in the Hoxne gravel-pits, near Diss, Norfolk County, were undoubtedly fashioned by primeval men.

....Prof. ASA GRAY describes in the *American Naturalist* a new species of *Erythronium*, a new species of flower rarely discovered in the older states of the Union. His paper is illustrated with a drawing of the entire plant. It grows in Minnesota.

Literary Department.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.*

IT is hardly more than half a dozen years since our great romance writer died; and we boys looking over our shoulders can almost see the "grave gray eyes" of the silent man of the "old manse." He walked about wrapt up in his impenetrable veil, unseen, or half seen, or seen only by glimpses; unknown, or misknown; supposed to dwell always in shadow, until those sunny "American Note-books" disclosed how many chinks and apertures let sunlight into the dark chambers of his soul. But he preferred to be in the shadow—not so much because it was shadow, as because in shadow he best saw the beautiful workings of sunlight. He was always stepping aside from the highway to watch, from some cool grove, the hot, dusty caravans struggling wearily along the road; while down over his own head poured the song of the bob-o'-link or the nightingale, and into his ear came the sound of rustling leaves and the melody of everflowing waters.

The events of his life were few. Though uncomfortably mixed up in the affairs of business for about thirteen years—"six years a measurer of coal and salt in Boston Custom-house," three years surveyor of the port of Salem, four years consul at Liverpool—yet the greater part of his life was spent in comparative or positive seclusion; the first ten years at Salem, where his father, a shipmaster, died when he was six years old, and his mother lived a mourner. He spent six years more on the shores of Sebago Lake, in Maine; five, only a little less secluded, in college and in preparation for it; twelve or thirteen more in Salem, shut up in himself, and locked in, moreover, so that he is described as a "recluse even from his own household, walking out by night and passing the day alone in his room, 'writing wild tales,' most of which he burned." He lived for a time at the Brook Farm, in West Roxbury, where, when the number of people living there had grown large, and a flourishing school was established, and a table was set every day about which "gathered a greater number of charming, cultivated, and genial people" than are often got together in one family, he is described by a lady who was then a pupil in the school as "sitting silently, hour after hour, in the broad, old-fashioned hall, on a sofa pushed under the staircase, where he "could listen almost unseen to the chat and merriment of the young people," himself "almost always holding a book before his eyes, sometimes not turning a leaf for hours." For two years spent in Boston he was nearly alone again; more alone than ever during three years spent in Concord; and only a little less alone after 1850, when, with a growing family about him, he lived in "the little red cottage" by the shores of Stockbridge Lake.

When his wife goes to Boston for a few days, he writes in his journal: "I had a purpose, if circumstances would permit, of passing the whole time of my wife's absence without speaking a word to any human being." And again he says of his life in Concord: "Every day I trudge through snow and slush to the village, look into the post-office, spend an hour at the reading-room, and then return home, generally without having spoken a word to any human being." And a year later: "I went to George Hillard's office, and he spoke with immitigable resolution of the necessity of my going to dine with Longfellow before returning to Concord; but I have an almost miraculous power of escaping from necessities of that kind. Destiny itself has often been worsted in the attempt to get me out to dinner." One could hardly follow up more persistently that admonition of good George Herbert: "By all means, use sometimes to be alone." But in his solitary walks he was getting most intimately acquainted with Nature—with her best-hidden secrets—reproducing her most beautiful scenes with skillful hand; and, when he was alone (as he always was) in throngs of men or before pictures, he was a student still. Men were his models, whether they stood for him by the wayside, or in Mr. Emerson's parlor, where he sometimes "rode his hobby" of an evening; whether they sidled up the pleasant avenue of his Concord home, unconscious of the grave, silent, deep-eyed, handsome man who was "taking notes," perhaps, from the little sleeping-room of old Dr. Ripley; or whether they sat for him in the broad, old-fashioned hall of the Brook Farm mansion.

In all his seclusion he was getting at the heart of men and things, and packing away in his closely written note-books the materials of his splendid works. These note-books touch upon almost every year from 1835 to the year of his death. They show the artist in his workshop. No painter of landscape ever filled his portfolios with more numerous or more careful studies for his future compositions. Every charming phase of Nature, every little incident of rural life, gets its wise and tender touch. From this pursuit and study he gained

> "An active power to fasten images
> Upon his brain,"

and brought from his solitary walks

> —— "a watchful heart,
> Still couchant, an inevitable dart,
> And an eye practiced like a blind man's touch."

His descriptions grew more and more exact. The fanciful element he excluded more rigidly every year. His fancy was delicate and sweet; but never, from the first, did he allow it to warp the truth of his descriptions. Imagination, so powerful in him, might fill the scenes with unreal personages; but it was always the *real* scene over which played

> "The light which never was on land or sea."

It was the real old manse at Concord through whose rooms sometimes wandered the ghostly figure of the old minister. It was the real forest through which Goodman Browne was pursued by the fiend; into which Hester Prynne strayed with her Pearl; where she sat down with the minister, while little Pearl "gathered the violets, and anemones, and columbines, and some twigs of the freshest green, which the old trees held down to her." All the forest scenes of "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Blithedale Romance," many as they are, and in which such tragedy goes on, are real, and almost as exactly done as if Nature herself had looked over his shoulder while he worked. His men are the men of to-day, his Nature the Nature of to-day; although, by the power of his imagination, he threw a mystic charm over both, and wrapped both in the strange superstitions of past centuries.

In England he fixes the images of cathedrals and towers and ruined castles upon his pages, and dwells affectionately on that border-land between man and Nature, where Nature lays a gentle but strong finger on the old walls and ruins. In America he lingers lovingly about the homestead; he strolls in the gardens and orchards, along the grassy, elm-shaded avenues of our New England villages, on that edge of the wood nearest the town, by the picturesque shores of Walden Pond. Domestic animals invade his scenes. He feeds the pigs at Brook Farm, goes to market to purchase new stock, fills the gardens of the Seven Gables with hens and antiquated breeds of roosters. The voices of children are heard in his woods. Apple trees overhang his green lanes, and the magnificent autumn foliage glows in his pictures. Squirrels play about, and birds sing in his most retired forest scenes. His nature is peculiarly sensitive to influences of sky and air. He lives out of doors in the autumnal weeks, and the great bulk of his notes are written there. Description subsides with November, and his power of thought is relaxed in spring. He absorbs the October sunshine, feeds upon nature, and lays in his winter store of sweet thought, much as the farmer lays in his winter store of vegetables.

Hawthorne was twenty-eight years old when he published his anonymous work, "Fanshawe," thirty-three when the first series of "Twice Told Tales" was collected, and thirty-eight when the second series came out. But it required eight years more, or at least fifteen years of steady practice of eye and ear, before he could produce the "Scarlet Letter."

No man has full intuitive knowledge of others; nor do many, even by experience, ever see far into men. Some one speaks of the "awful power of insight" which Hawthorne possessed. But we shall find that none possess this power without having in great degree earned it. By turning the eye in upon ourselves we learn *man*; but, in order to know *men*, we shall need the double exercise which Hawthorne gave to eye and mind for, at least, as long an apprenticeship as his.

"There is no such thing as genius," Hogarth says; "genius is nothing but labor and diligence." Labor and diligence certainly add so much to genius that it is always a question how much of its value to credit to them, and how little to give to the original bias. Great men have always worked so faithfully to perfect their greatness that it is not to be wondered at if they have sometimes forgotten the original happy twist of their intellectual nature.

The building of a character we shall find Hawthorne employing the same minuteness and exactness which he employed in his pictures from Nature. He also could touch to touch, lays color upon color. The delicacy of shading is unsurpassable. At each touch the figure stands out more and more distinct. Nothing is omitted which may contribute to vividness. Every circumstance of dress, of movement, of looks, of light, of surroundings is brought in to aid the effect. The dead Judge Pyncheon sits in his chair with wide-open eyes. "You hear the ticking of his watch; his breath you do not hear." His face is rigid and singularly white. That terrible blood-stain is on his bosom. Storms and sunshine play about the old house. Winds howl and die away; birds sing; shadows come and go; the cat prowls about; rain-drops sparkle; night comes on; daylight creeps in at the dawn; children run about and collect on the door-step; the doors creak; there are strange whisperings in the air—and all this to make the scene more awful. These pictures you can never forget. They are so vivid and terrible that many people cannot read them twice. How can that awful scene of Zenobia drowned ever go out of the memory; or that of Roger Chillingworth, in Arthur Dimmesdale's study, dissecting the heart of the young Puritan minister; or of the same minister standing on the pillory at midnight, with Hester Prynne and little Pearl on either hand, and Roger Chillingworth's face suddenly appearing on the opposite side of the way, at the moment when the meteor passed, and the "great vault brightened like the dome of an immense lamp"; or, again, that other scene of the minister on the morning of the great election sermon, which has thrilled all hearts, leaving the procession and mounting the same pillory in broad day, and before the assembled congregation "tearing away the ministerial band from before his breast" and disclosing the scarlet mystery?

Hawthorne's keenness to pursue the intricate windings of sin toward its last results, and his power to illustrate or bring it into clear and awful relief, reaches beyond that of any other novelist. He traces the subtle workings, the descent from father to son, not of physical, but of moral disease. He loves to show the hereditary character of ways of thinking, of biases, and prejudices, and passions, and the final destruction of a whole race for some delinquency of an ancestor far back in the line. There is always thus a tremendous moral to his tales. We see the eternal justice on the track of sin; there is no eluding that pursuer. What appears in man's eyes to be a venial mistake is followed up with relentless vigilance, until the third and fourth generation crumble in pieces under its disintegrating power. The Divine eye never loses sight of an error. A violation of the laws of Heaven is unforgivable. We make our regulations for preserving society; God makes his for preserving man, the foundation of society.

Hawthorne's persons are distinct and individual. But their individuality is the result of a fine analysis of their character, rather than of a gross exaggeration of an oddity, as in Dickens. No modern novelist ever drew the fanatical extreme of philanthropy so well as Hawthorne has portrayed it in Hollingsworth. As compared with him, other writers linger on the surface of character. Only Shakespeare and some of the older dramatists have been so far down—have so "tumbled up the breast" of man.

His characters are few always. Four persons, as Zenobia, Hollingsworth, Priscilla, and Miles Coverdale, cannot come together in his books, as they could not in life, without developing their essential differences. The line of demarcation is drawn with a fine pen; and before we are done with the persons we see what silent forces have worked in them through many years to make such diverse result. This pursuing of effect back to the remote and secret causes; this keen, sure analysis of the complex structure of character, we look for more than ever before in the great novelists of these days. Science is in all directions ferreting out the concealed working forces in matter and mind, to the practical end of destroying the mischief-makers. The novelist and poet must join in the pursuit, each in his own department, and must not mislead.

It is not difficult to make a character prominent by exaggeration; but to make one prominent by a fine portrayal of itself is very hard. Dickens presents persons who do worse things than any of Hawthorne's persons—who do them continually and persistently—who are more utterly depraved—men like Quilp, and Squeers, and Pecksniff—men far beyond Westervelt in cold-blooded villainy and heartlessness; but not one that leaves behind such a tremendous moral as the very common characters—Arthur Dimmesdale, Chillingworth, Judge Pyncheon, Goodman Browne, Roderick Ellliston, or Westervelt himself. Yet Dickens is as elaborate in details as Hawthorne. *He*, too, never tires of adding particulars, and finishing the picture more and more minutely. Only they are not always the details of Nature. His scenes are made up. Their circumstances are selected from many times and scenes. You are sure that no incidents could be found to accept an extraordinary combination have happened in that one place at that one time. Whereas in Hawthorne you not only find many a scene transferred almost without alteration from his note-books to his novels, but you cannot pick out any unnatural or very unusual scene anywhere. Yet they are exquisitely beautiful, and tell on the picture as sunlight on the dewy meadow grass. His fidelity to his note-books, and, in his note-books, his apparent fidelity to Nature, are remarkable.

In fidelity to Nature, therefore, and in the essential beauty of his pictures of external Nature, in their disposition about his figures, and in depth of insight into the groundwork of human passions, Hawthorne seems to us to be far the superior of Dickens. But there is still a wide field, and one in which the majority of men will love best to wander, where Dickens stands pre-eminent. The lover of Nature will delight to follow Hawthorne in his walks by the lazily-winding river, along the Walden woodpaths, among the autumn leaves, "scarlet and golden," that come "half flitting upon the air, half falling through it," even though the walks lead him, at last, through the barn-yard, among the domestic fowl, to "that abominable gold mine," or to the inevitable pig-sty. He will linger with Phœbe Pyncheon among her flowers, and with the artist lean over the moist green rim of Maule's Well; will accompany that strange, forlorn old couple, Hepsibah and Clifford, on that dismal night, down the wet streets and along the glistening sidewalks to the station. The student of character will follow his keen analysis of human motives, the devious windings of sin, and the equally tortuous doublings of justice on the track of sin, the more recondit, workings both of the great passions and of the great powers, and the development of unusual talent. He will find no greater master (except Shakespeare, the master of masters) to guide him over that dangerous ground where runs the border-line between reason and insanity. He will find himself both among gloomy and terrible scenes and among the lovellest in the world, where the beauty of order and the dreadfulness of violation of established order are brought most vividly into contrast. The blackest shadows and the sweetest sunshine will play alternately over the pages he reads. Yet, when he is tired of all these, he will find lessons enough, and laughter enough, and rest enough in the rich and warm atmosphere of Dickens. He will find amusement and instruction still in the quaint, and odd, and bad, and lovely persons who move about in that quaint and strange country into which Dickens takes his readers, where "merriment and infelicity, ponderous crime and feather-light vanity, like twi-formed births, disagreeing, complexities of one intertexture, perpetually unite to show forth a motley spectacle to the world."

J. H. M.

* THE WORKS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Ney edition. J. R. Osgood & Co.

MAGAZINES FOR JULY.

The Medical and Surgical Reporter opens with a portrait and a puff of a young clinical lecturer of Philadelphia, whom it describes in the following entertaining language: "His medium erect figure and unlined face speak more of the romance than the reality of medicine—more of the sunny paths that skirt the woods than of those that penetrate its tangled and mysterious recesses. But he is steady, unyielding, and vigorous," etc., etc. The portrait given leads us to suppose that he is also, like the lady in the epitaph, "bland, passionate, and deeply religious." Dr. A. S. Mansfelde has an article upon quinine, which he calls "*quinia sulphatis*," and makes the overcoming statement that "as to its action upon the human organism we understand it to be a tonic." A second article from the same hand is entitled "Cholera Infantum." The author announces that he has written the article in order, among less imperative reasons, "to give a further explanation to my words on quinine," and "to cause the lights of the profession to consider my views." This is not the place in which to discuss what effect Dr. Mansfelde's views may have upon the lights of the profession. We may say, however, that the brains of the profession are not likely to be affected by them.

The Technologist is an industrial monthly, especially devoted to engineering, manufacturing, and building. The present number contains, among many other short papers, articles on "Brick-wall Construction," on the "Care of Machinery," and on "The Value of the Calculus as a Study."

Bentham's Musical Review is a gossipy number, and has an especially funny anecdote about Ferranti and Carlotta Patti.

The American Agriculturist retains its eminence among our exchanges of this sort. Engraved roosters strut and crow along its pages; hens are here whose sole ambition is evidently to lay as many eggs as possible; and a hundred instructive paragraphs tender knowledge to the thousands of readers of this popular magazine.

—*Tom Pippin's Wedding* is a novel "in Arcles' vein." The abuses of English grammar schools have give a theme to this vigorous writer; and he describes them something after the manner of Dickens—a long way after, to be sure—in that novelist's studies of "Squeers" and "Dothe boy's Hall." Our author, however, deals only in violent lights and somber shades. There are no gradations, no half-tints; and none but obvious characteristics are drawn. The persons in the story have an air of impossibility; they are all either knaves, fools, or saints. A certain degree of exaggeration in art is necessary; for art cannot repeat the infinitely subtle lines, the delicate distinctions, the light touches which Nature employs to discriminate and to define her characters. But where exaggeration is carried to such an extent as it is carried in this story its use and significance are lost. The lines of the drawing are so forced and heavy that—though they are not unclever as caricatures—they have little value as portraits of men. What impossible jail-birds this sprightly author has let loose for us! Could we accept his testimony, we should conclude that insanity was the usual condition of the British nobility, and that the character of the average English clergyman was a little worse than that of the average English convict. Bad as their management often is, such a ruffian as Goggs, the schoolmaster, could not for a single term remain principal of an English grammar school. Such a scene as the one which occurs between Lord Appletree and Burdock, who levies black-mail upon him, could occur nowhere but upon the boards of a second-rate provincial theater There, indeed, such a scene would be in keeping; and we suspect that the entire story was written with a shrewd eye to its adaptation to the boards. The names of the characters are convenient and clever labels. Mr. Teasel is a lawyer; Mr. Cuffs a policeman; Burdock, one of the villains of the piece, lives at No. 5 Cats' Alley; Goggs, Scraggs, Slimes, Snooks, and Grab, the dog, are unfailingly faithful to their names. Lying, beating, tearing, poisoning, and drowning go on with a somewhat wearing frequency. The whole novel smells of the slaughter-house and rings with felonies. The story is, indeed, vigorously written; and there are a few passages where the author's ferocity is sufficiently tempered to make him good company; but, if he sometimes deviates into decency, he soon relapses into assassination—like the Fiji deacons who reverted to cannibalism when a war broke out near the scene of their missionary's labors. The death rate among the principal characters of this book is really something quite unprecedented. The author, seemingly unable to stay his sanguinary hand, hastens the conclusion of the story in order to be sure of a living hero at the finish; two or three more chapters, and he would have had none left to write about. But in the last few pages all suddenly turns out right for the survivors. The narrative winds itself up with an accelerated action, as when we swing around a weight attached to a string, and let it coil up smartly upon the finger. So swift and spasmodic are the last gyrations of the tale, that, though we are promised a wedding in its title, the author at last forgets to marry his hero at all. We cannot say that we shall regret the omission, if in consequence of it the Tom Pippin line shall become extinct.

—The first edition of *Free Public Libraries* was criticised with frankness in THE INDEPENDENT less than four months ago. Were criticising unjustified to prove the "American Social Science Association" a live, liberal, and brave society, the appearance of the second and revised edition would be enough. Effete organizations count themselves infallible, and resent even the most friendly criticism. "It takes live fish," said Elias Hicks, "to swim up stream." That man is strong who takes advantage of all that his critics can say against him. And the editor of this little manual has certainly disarmed his critics by taking all of their material that was worth anything and using it—as it ought to be used—for the improvement of his own work. He has evidently given each suggestion all the consideration it deserved—perhaps more than it deserved; and, without ever showing a spirit of weak assent, shows everywhere a manly frankness. The result is a great improvement on the original work. The "General Directions" are made clearer and simpler, and whole paragraphs are added, as, for instance, on page 12, the admirable hints on meeting objections and on raising money. Some points which seemed doubtful are now more guardedly stated, and some deficiencies (as in regard to the "Indicator") are filled. Then the catalogue of books is enlarged at many points, and in some respects rearranged. In short, those defects proceeding from haste (and the first edition had scarcely any others) may now be considered as canceled, and the work in its present form is an honor to the association and must do great good. The same association and the same publishers have lately brought out a *Handbook for Immigrants to the United States*, with maps; an admirable little work, so condensed and yet so full and clear as to surpass entirely all works of this kind hitherto accessible. We should not know where to look for a more serviceable account, given in small compass, of the resources of our states and territories. (Hurd & Houghton.)

—In *Blanche Gilsey* Mrs. Margaret Hosmer has given us "A Girl's Story" of love and adventure. We are sorry that she has marred, through lack of knowledge, one of the most important scenes—that of the burning steamer at sea. The ship is on fire between decks, and so furious are the flames that the saloon decks are noticeably heated all night; yet the cabin passengers remain in ignorance of the fire until morning—a thing which we will venture to say is quite an impossibility. When morning comes land is not visible; yet the steamer manages to make the coast at Manzanilla before sunset. There the captain, instead of beaching her, as any sane captain would do under the circumstances—the ship being wrapped in flame fore and aft—brings her to an anchor, the engines still in motion, though the fire had raged for twenty-four hours amidships. Shades of Tom Cringle! what impossible navigation is this! Mrs. Oliphant should rewrite this chapter under nautical supervision. (J. B. Lippincott & Co.)

—Who does not remember the delight with which he first read Theodore Winthrop's "Cecil Dreeme," or the tingle in his nerves when he read that marvelous "Gallop of Three" in "John Brent," one of the most perfect specimens of the best literary results of animal spirits that any literature affords? Who can ever forget how much of genius we lost when the dead body of the gallant Major Winthrop fell face to the foe off that log at Big Bethel? And just now this sad train of thought comes up to us, looking at the three beautiful volumes in which the publishers have sent us a new edition of his longer stories.

—*What is Truth?* is an inquiry by the Rev. E. Burgess concerning the antiquity and unity of the human race. The author concludes that "it may be proved beyond reasonable doubt, from the traces which man himself has left in the world, that all the known races and families which have peopled the earth sprang from a common source, on the continent of Asia, at a period not exceeding 5,000 years ago." If this is truth, we shall be under great obligation to Mr. Burgess for such an easy demonstration of it as the one given in this volume. (I. P. Warren.)

—Mr. R. W. Raymond's *Mines and Mining* is an account of the mineral resources of the Rocky Mountains and of the regions west of them. As United States Commissioner of Mining Statistics, and quite as familiar with the ground that he describes as a single investigator can reasonably be expected to be, he has been able to produce a work of research and value. It embodies the principal part of the facts already presented by him in his report to Congress upon the "Mineral Resources of the Regions West of the Rocky Mountains." (J. B. Ford & Co.)

—Mrs. E. D. Wallace's *Strife: a Romance of Germany and Italy*, is a creation of unusually delicate and poetic talent—one of the books that make us wonder what the temperament, what the history of the author may be. For all who love the lands in which the scenes of her story are cast this story will have a double interest, while few readers can fail to perceive the undertone of tender thought, too often verging upon morbidness, that runs through this very genuinely-written book. (H. C. Rogers & Co.)

—We have read history in the guise of fiction; in the works of Erkmann Chatrian we find novels in the guise of history. No more graphic writing has lately come to us in translation from the French than *The Blockade of Phalsburg*, in which the incidents of a siege are but the foil to fine settings of character. The Hebrew who tells the story, and the old sergeant who is his guest during the siege, are drawn in excellent character. And whoever has memories of actual war will find in this volume a most vivid reminder of its terrors. (C. Scribner & Co.)

—*Doerning's Selected Fruits* is a volume compiled in chief part from the larger work by the same author, entitled "Fruits and Fruit Trees of America." It is intended to meet the wants of growers who are cultivating fruit for the market. The book has not been published long enough for us to raise a crop according to its rules; but we are confident that, if we had nothing else to do, we should achieve by its aid the most distinguished successes in the matter of pears and peaches. (John

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THE AMERICAN LYCEUM.

THE following list of lecturers and readers has been copied from "The Lecture Season," published by the American Literary Bureau, and the "Lyceum Magazine," edited by the Boston Lyceum Bureau. Most of these lecturers speak on several subjects, but we could find room for the insertion of but one. When either of the titles was designated upon the catalogue as that of a new lecture we have inserted that; In other cases we have taken the one standing first.

The chief office of the American Literary Bureau, at 132 Nassau street, New York, is in charge of Mr. C. S. Carter, the general secretary, well known through the West as the secretary of the Associated Western Literary Societies. The Eastern office, at 119 Washington street, Boston, is under the care of Mr. B. W. Williams; and the Western office, in the Arcade Building, Chicago, is managed by Mr. C. M. Brelsford.

The Boston Lyceum Bureau, of which Messrs. Redpath and Fall are the energetic and successful managers, is located at 36 Bromfield street, Boston.

The list certainly affords an ample variety of people who are and of people who would like to be famous; and lyceum Committees have nothing to do but pay their money and take their choice.

THE AMERICAN LITERARY BUREAU.

LECTURERS.

Susan B. Anthony, "Women Already Voters."
Hon. James M. Ashley, "Inside View of the Impeachment Struggle."
Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, "The Negative Illusion."
Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, "One Year in the Army Hospitals."
Celia Burleigh, "Woman's Right to be a Woman."
Rev. Charles Edward Cheney, "Wayside Glimpses from Lake Michigan to the Golden Gate."
Will M. Carlton, "More about Betsey and I"—(Lecture Poem).
S. N. Chaplo, "The Arc of Sword."
Col. Russell H. Conwell, "The Unfortunate Chinese."
Mrs. M. E. De Geer, "Compound Nature of Man."
Rev. Robert Laird Collier, "The Woman for the Period."
P. B. Du Chaillu, "Explorations in Equatorial Africa."
Corinne D'Estaing, "Moving On."
Hon. Edwin DeLeon, "The Romance and Reality of Modern Egyptian Life."
Mrs. Anna Randall Diehl, "Venice."
Arthur Gilman, "Characteristics of New England Humor."
James T. Fields, "A Plea for Cheerfulness."
Kate Field, (A New Lecture on Popular Social Topics.)
Miss Lillian S. Edgarton, "Gossip—its Causes and Cure."
T. H. Hartley, "Behind the Curtain."
Horace Greeley, (subjects not announced).
Hon. George Washington Julian, "The Two Farmers."
Rev. George W. Gardner, "Egypt and Oriental Life."
Rev. Washington Gladden, "Help Yourselves."
Mrs. M. Adele Hazlett.
Rev. George H. Hepworth, "Luck and Pluck."
Samuel M. Hewlett, "Lights and Shades of Irish Character."
Louise Holden, "Our Humorists."
Frederick Leslie Hosmer, "Hawthorne."
Celia Logan Kellogg, "English Hearts and Homes."
Major-General Kilpatrick, "The American Stump."
Thomas W. Knox, "Slices of Cannibal."
Benson J. Lossing, "Chivalry in its Relations to Civilization."
J. H. Littlefield, "Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln."
Prof. John Locan, "Phrenology and Physiology."
Mrs. Rose Madder, "The Negative Side of the Woman Question."
Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman, "From Ocean to Ocean."
Ingersoll Lockwood, "Brains."
Justin McCarthy, "The Thrones of Europe," and two new lectures.
Mary Nolan, "Man's Better Half."
Rev. George J. Mingins, "New York as it Is."
Rev. Edward P. Roe, "The Romance of Cavalry Life."
Col. James P. Sanford, "From the Iowa to the Jordan."
G. P. Quackenbos, LL.D., "Words."
Rev. Edwin B. Russell, "Household Beauty."
Col. Homer B. Sprague, "Shakespeare."
Herman H. Shook, "Maleocracy."
Hon. Carl Schurz, (subjects not announced).
Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, "Are Women Citizens?"
Miss Kate Stanton, "Whom to Marry."
Miss S. K. Strickland, "What a Woman Can Do."
R. P. Shillaber, "A Lecture Without a Subject."
Miss Minnie C. Swayze, "Woman and Her Abilities."
Rev. Daniel Vorhis, "Scribler."
George Francis Train, "Presidential Mass Meeting."
Virginia Vaughan, "War and Peace."
Prof. Alexander Winchell, LL.D., "Too Much Popular Government."
Prof. Alonzo Tripp, "From Berlin to Paris."
Rev. Lemuel K. Washburn, "The New Man."
Prof. S. S. Youmans, (subjects not announced).
Mrs. Gen. Van Rensselaer, "The Rights and Wrongs of Children."
Miss Fanny Woodbury, "Hindrances to the Temperance Reform."
C. G. Baylor, "A Loyal Plea for Help from the South."
Thomas H. Worrall, "Past and Present."
Gen. R. Brinkerhoff, "Andrew Jackson."
Rev. Charles G. Ames, "Men and Women."
C. M. Bradaal, "Wilhelm and His Poetry."
Emily Pardee, "Slaves of the Wine Cup."
M. L. Reade, "Money."
Mrs. Lucilla D. Bearse, "Human Rights."
E. H. Heywood, "The New Order."
Prof. F. W. Clarke, "The Correlation of Forces."
Rev. W. A. Outworth, "War Life."
Rev. R. B. Dement, "Brain and Muscle."
Prof. C. A. Hitchcock, "Mt. Washington in Midwinter."
Rev. George H. Hoyt, "John Brown's Trial."
Rev. Frank E. Ristenau, "Work and Win."
Rev. E. S. Morse, "How Animals Move."
Rev. James B. Morse, "Lessons from the Life of Abraham Lincoln."
W. R. Niles, "History of Coal."
Julius A. Palmer, Jr., "Chinese Immigration."
Mrs. Effie Wood Palmer, "Women I Have Seen."
Gen. John L. Swift, "Twice Told Tales."
Rev. Eells Shaw Parsons, "An Hour with Tom Hood."
Berthold T. Steiner, "The Wit and Oddities of Sydney Smith."
Rev. C. C. Stockbridge, "A Week at Athens."
R. K. Potter, "Life in the Woods."
Rev. F. G. Porter, "The Holy Land."
Rev. F. N. Peloubet, "Fossil Men."
Rev. W. A. Start, "Myself or Mrs. Grundy?"
Franklin H. Tinker, "Inside of Journalism."

READERS.

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Mr. Francis M. Carter.
J. P. Bartlett.
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Rev. I. G. Bidwell, "The Secret of Personal Beauty."
Josh Billings, "Milk."
Henry B. Blackwell, "Two Months in San Domingo."
J. Q. A. Brackett, "Men of One Idea."
Rev. Edwin H. Brown, "From New York to Jerusalem."
Rev. Matthew Hale Smith, "Wit and Humor."
C. O. Coffin, "The Great Northwest."
Gen. B. F. Cory, "The Dignity of Labor."
Rev. J. H. Chapin, "The Remains of Ancient Empire in America."
Robert Collyer, "New Old England."
Miss Jennie Collins, "Put Yourself in Her Place."
H. C. Dane, "The Great Naval Battles of the Rebellion."
Frederick Douglass, "Santo Domingo."
Alice Dunlap, "Odds and Ends."
Dr. Adrian J. Fiebi, (Lectures on Natural History).
Rev. D. C. Eddy, "Stonewall Jackson."
Wm. R. Emerson, "The American Republic in 1900."
Matilda Fletcher, "Are You for Sale?"
G. C. Fisher, "Scotland."
Rev. Edward B. Fairfield, "Thirty-three Days in Rome."
Hon. Thomas Fitch, "The Coming Empire."
Rev. William L. Gage, "Emperor William and His Generals."
Gen. Wager H. Gibson, "Along the Lines."
Gen. F. E. Hale, "Life in Central Italy." (A Story.)
Rev. Gilbert Hale, "Three Days at Gettysburg."
Rev. Geo. H. Hall, "Cuba."
Rev. Dr. E. Haney, "Rings and Lobbyists."
A. G. Hibbard, "Current Religious Delusions."
Rev. Dr. Hamlin, "The Gems of North America."
Gen. William Hawkins, George H. Thomas."
Waterhouse Hawkins, (Scientific Lectures).
Gilmore Hunt, "Pictures of Prison Life."
Mrs. T. W. Higginson, "Thinking Animals."
Mrs. Lotty Hough, "Domestic Question."
Rev. A. B. Hervey, "The Wonder World in a Drop of Water."
E. W. Hutchins, "The Yo-Semite and the Big Trees."
Rev. O. S. Hutchins, "Manhood of the Race."
Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, "What shall we do with our Daughters?"
Rev. D. C. Lochrie, "Woman's Kingdom."
Dr. John Lord, "Dante."
Dr. George B. Loring, "The Value of Classical Culture."
Robert A. McLeod, "Three Years in the Rebel Army."
George L. Marden, "Hash."
Rev. S. Morton, "Life and Death of Socrates."
Rev. Edward H. Hall, "Deacons."
Rev. Andrew McKeown, "Orators and Orators."
Rev. Phineas C. Nasby, (New Lecture, not announced).
Rev. Samuel M. A., "An Hour with the Masters in Poverty."
Rev. William R. Nicholson, D.D., "Civilization and Oliver Optic, "Up and Doing."
Hon. William Parsons, "Paris and the Parisians."
James Parton, "Paris as the Vulgar?"
Rev. J. G. Peck, "Luck and Pluck."
R. K. Pruden, "Workers and Hewers."
John J. Pinkerton, "Sir Philip Sidney."
Hon. Thomas J. Reynolds, "Charles Reade."
Miss Anna Dickinson, "The Duty of Every Honest Citizen as a Politician."
Col. R. G. Shannon, "The Land of the Southern Cross."
Charles G. Shackford, "Woman in Shakespeare."
Rev. O. H. Tiffany, D.D., "Work and its Worth."
Rev. Henry Vandyke, "A Chat on Irish Suits."
Rev. Henry W. Warren, "Oliver Goldsmith."
Rev. Dr. Vincent, "Eloquence."
Edward Grant Wilson, "On Speaking English."
Col. Charles E. Wilder, "Mountains."
Osmond Wright, "The Romance of Sheridan's Ride."
Rev. S. H. Wright, "The Mormons."

READERS.

Prof. Moses T. Brown.
Miss Fanny E. Edmonds.
Rebecca Robinson.

LECTURERS ON BOTH LISTS.

Rev. Robert Collyer, "New Old England."
Rev. J. Desdorova, (three new lectures).
Mrs. Mary Grinwold, "Injun Meal."
Col. John Hay, "Democracy in Europe."
Prof. Wilson Colo Tyler, "A Night and a Day in Constantinople."

READERS ON BOTH LISTS.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.
Mrs. Anna Dickinson.
Georgia Vandenhoff.

Farm and Garden.

FAIRYLAND.*

BY ANNA WARNER.

In these days, when there is so little to do in the garden except waiting for rain, and fighting the weeds that *won't* wait for it, the spare minutes may be well employed in increasing the number of our plants. Not in the way of sowing seeds—it is too early yet for that, except such as mignonette and alyssum, and some other annuals that are planted from time to time for a succession; but in the way of budding, layering, and making cuttings. Concerning this last Mr. Henderson says that it is the most important of all florist operations, furnishing, with care, an inexhaustible supply of plants. And he adds the comforting assurance that *care* is the thing needed, not great knowledge. And care we can all give. Yet some knowledge is a grand foundation for care's work.

When I was a child, I was taught elaborately how to make cuttings in the English fashion by our English gardener—a man thoroughly taught and practiced by a seven years' apprenticeship and much use. His success was always good; and mine, following his directions, was rarely wanting. Yet some of those English ideas Mr. Henderson has, American like, cut through and simplified; and so I shall choose to give you his directions, rather than those which I could more properly call my own. The simpler the better, always.

Leaving for the present some parts of the business which are better suited to the cool autumn months than to this dry heat, let me tell you first what can be done *now*. Layers can be made among your roses any time from the middle of June till the September frosts are at hand. The shoots should be new wood, not more than a month old. Make your cut in the midst of the green, fresh, leaf-bearing part of the shoot, first down to near the middle of the shoot, and then along, splitting the shoot lengthwise for three-quarters of an inch or more, according to its size, and on the *upper* side. Bend the shoot gently over, to peg it down, so that the cut part may be an inch or two deep in the earth. Either in the mere garden-bed, or in small pots sunk up to their rims around the rose-bush. And it is usual to put a bit of stone or stick—any trifle—in the cut, to keep it open. Layering in pots give the strongest plants *soon*, as they can be set out in the fall with less disturbance to their roots, and so get better established before winter.

Another plan, very successful in hot weather, is a sort of *air* layering; the shoot being merely cut and kept open as above, but then not pegged down nor in any way covered. The young roots will spring forth into the more open air; and as soon as they appear the layer should be carefully cut off, and planted by itself in a small pot, and shaded and watered until it begins to grow again. Instead of cutting into the shoot, for any of these ways, it is sometimes merely twisted, or bruised, or has a bit of the bark cut off.

Summer weather is not good for cuttings; but, if precious bits of sweetness come into your hands in summer, and must be planted then or not at all, put them in a saucer of wet sand, in the way I have told before.

Budding is summer work. Let it be done so early, says Mr. Henderson, that the new shoots will have time to ripen before frost; or so late that they will not start till spring. That is, either before the middle of July or in September. The stock on which you wish to bud must be in just that state when the bark will easily quit the wood; and the bud itself must be from a well-grown shoot. Cut across the shoot a half inch or so above a leaf, and from that cross-cut bring the knife down through the wood to an inch below the leaf, taking thus a piece of bark and wood an inch long, and shaped like a long narrow triangle. Carefully take out the bit of wood from the bark, and examine the bud at the foot of the leaf, to see that it is sound and perfect. If there is a little hole there, instead, throw away your bit of bark and cut another. Then on the stock make a cross-cut just through the bark, and from the middle of this a like cut straight down and as long as your bud. Gently loosen and lift up the bark from the edge of this cut, and slip in the lower end of your bud, and ease it down till the leaf-stalk is about in the centre of the long cut. Then bind it gently and firmly round with bast-mat or lamp-wick (Mr. Henderson says this last is best), winding the strand above and below the leaf-bud, careful not to press or injure it in any way. All the cut edges of the bark should be covered completely, so as to keep out the air and give the stock and the bud a chance to unite. If your bud be taken from a very young shoot, some think it is best to leave the wood in and insert it with the bark.

And when I said it was a good time now to layer your roses, I did not mean them only. Carnations and many other things may be treated in the same way.

*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by H. C. Bowen, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

BIG STRAWBERRY SHIPMENTS.

THE strawberry business of Delaware and Maryland has increased with unexampled rapidity. The following statement shows the comparative shipments for 1870 and 1871, in pounds:

	1870.	1871.	*Increase.*
Delaware R. R. to Jersey City,	400,000	2,193,000	1,793,000
" " Phil'a.....	192,000	1,313,000	1,120,000
Baltimore " "	1,000,000	1,296,000	272,000
" " Jersey City,	496,000	1,184,000	688,000
Total in lbs.....	2,088,000	5,984,000	3,873,000
Total in bbls.....	1,000	2,993	1,993

As each quart of strawberries weighs 2 lbs., the above figures represent an equivalent of 1,056,000 quarts for May, 1870, and 2,992,000 quarts in May, 1871; or an increase of 1,936 dos. quarts, or nearly 200 per cent. As the railroad companies have now special strawberry trains running during the season, with regularity, dispatch, and with a time schedule nearly as fast as passenger trains, it follows that Delaware has the best organized system of strawberry shipment to market of any fruit section in the world. As far down as Dover, Del., 175 miles from New York, the growers can pick as late as 5.30 P. M., load on the train; and yet their fruit will be delivered in New York by 5 to 6 A. M., or at Philadelphia by midnight. We believe that in three years Delaware will be the home of the biggest portion of the strawberry trade, as it is now the principal fruit section for peaches. The development of fruit culture is remarkable, and it is attributable more than anything else to the excellent arrangements of the railroad companies for market trains. There is, however, needed a little better reform in early morning trains, reaching New York by 4 A. M., instead of 5 as the present will often enable enough extra price by coming one hour earlier to pay for freight alone, and sometimes picking included. The difference in price between 4 A. M. and 6 A. M. arrivals is from 3 to 5 cts. a quart. And, if there is an unusually heavy train, and late, the decline is even more marked; for sometimes the dealers are completely stuck, and unable to sell at all. It is an important fact, worth notice by fruit-growers and railroad companies, that, in order to insure good prices for fruit, it must be in the market by a very early hour. After 6 A. M. the grocers, shippers, etc., drop off and go home; and those customers who usually buy fruit go home without any, being tired out with the delay of the train. It is worth an average of 5 cts. per quart to every grower to have his fruits in market by 4 A. M. any morning. And our railroad companies who wish to develop this trade to the satisfaction of all must pay a little more attention to the necessities of the market as well as the necessities of the grower.

The average prices of fruit from Delaware this year range from 20 to 30 cents per quart. And for all it has been a more satisfactory season than at any time for the past five years. We fear that it may have the effect of overdoing the business; and a glut be repeated even in Delaware, the same as has already happened in previous years in New Jersey and Norfolk. It takes a good hard squeeze to satisfy country growers that the fruit business can be overdone. After a glut occure, there is generally a healthy time for several years.

$10 FROM 50 CTS.!

Something urgently needed by everybody. Call and examine, or 50 Samples sent (postage paid) for Fifty Cents that retail easily for Ten Dollars.
Dr. R. L. WOLCOTT,
No. 121 CHATHAM SQUARE, New York.

AGRICULTURAL.

PLYMOUTH COLONY,
In Jefferson County, Nebraska,
AN ESTABLISHED FACT.

The testimony of ten practical men, who went recently on purpose to examine the 40,000 acres to be occupied by this Colony, some of them on their own account, and some in behalf of others, may be had *gratis*, with much other valuable information concerning Nebraska, soil, etc., etc., by applying to them. The opportunity, first offered to the descendants of the Pilgrims, and those who admire their principles, is meeting with a noble and enthusiastic response. Hundreds of letters of inquiry have been received, and a most encouraging beginning has been made, although the plan was been before the people but *two months*. The town of Plymouth has been located, and several whole sections in addition to 636 acres have been taken in parcels of 40 acres each, by *actual settlers*, some of whom propose to open their farms *this season*. Several will have "breaking" done *this month*. Pioneer Corner will soon be corner with it, from its very inception, the blessings of our Christian civilization: a home-seeking people, with mutual friendship, encouraged by Christian institutions, and by all the common industries of a well-ordered town, combined with the mercantile, mechanical, and agricultural interests of a thriving, well-to-do farming neighborhood.

☞ Just as we were sending this advertisement off, a letter came from Mr. J. E. Bunnell, of Dorchester, Wis., saying: "I have visited the Plymouth Colony lands, and am delighted therewith. For myself and friends I have selected the following, viz.: north ½ sec. 3, sec. 4, 6; south ½ sec. 7, and the W. ½ sec. 8, all in town 19 n. range 3 east." When the "ten" were all taken up, Mr. Bunnell would go to Dr. D. on his way to Plymouth Colony Lands.

"These lands are to be surpassed either in beauty or fertility; and they can be had now at prices ranging generally from $4.00 to $7.00 per acre, with SEVENTY CENTS per cent. interest. Those who prefer to pay cash will have a deduction of *twenty per cent.* and a deed made for self-boarding.

EXCURSION LAND RATES railroad fare in Nebraska, over the B. & M. R. R., will be allowed in payment for land, if bought within thirty days from date of circular. These circulars can be bought at Dorchester, at Plattsmouth, and of numerous authorized agents. They serve to our land locators, A. PEASE PAID out and back in the State and on the Railroad where the land is purchased.

The following gentlemen have consented to act as mediums of intercommunication for those who desire to join hands in building up a Colony on strictly temperance and christian principles: Rev. J. W. TAGGART, Boston, Mass.; Rev. H. P. ROBERTS, at the Land Department of the B. & M. R. R. Co., Lincoln, Neb.; and Rev. DAVID K. JONES, office at the Land Department of the B. & M. R. R. Co., Burlington, Iowa.

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at our offices in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and at No. 1 La Salle St., Chicago. Railroad fares west of those places REFUNDED to holders of exploring tickets who purchase 80 acres or more. Large Reductions of Railroad fare to colonies, or parties of 25 or more. Colored Maps, showing all the lands in both states, sent for 20 cents. Pamphlets and County Maps sent FREE to all parts of the world. Apply to

W. W. WALKER,
Vice-Pres't, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

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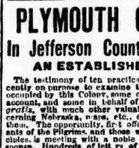
WITH
PORCELAIN LINED COVER.



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Strength and durability.

Ease with which it can be opened, and without risk of breaking either Jar or Cover.

For sale by all the leading dealers throughout the country, and manufactured solely by the

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BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME,
Bone Flour,
Bone Meal.

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Insurance.

LIFE INSURANCE IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

A LITTLE more than a century ago, on the 7th day of September, 1762, was founded the famous "*Equitable Society*" of London; or, to give the title in full, the "*Society for Equitable Assurances on Lives and Survivorships.*" The date of its foundation marks a new era in life insurance, as it was then, for the first time, that premiums were graduated according to the ages of the applicants. In other words, the formation of this Society marked the era when, for the first time, the principles of science were combined with the results of commercial and financial experience, to which combination life insurance owes its success and its claims to the confidence of the community.

A little more than a decade ago, on the 30th day of July, 1859, was founded the *Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States.* The date of its foundation marks also a new era in the practice of life insurance, by which its benefits have been brought within the reach of the masses of the community.

It is our object in the present paper to trace the history and progress of these two societies—the one, the most remarkable and widely known in the Old World; the other, the most progressive, the most successful in the New; and both, as what may fairly be called representative institutions of their respective nations.

We have said that the foundation of the "Equitable" of London, in 1762, marked the first instance in which the premiums were graduated according to the ages of the insured—that is to say, were made proportional to the risk. Prior to that date *chance* reigned where *science* and *experience* should have had full sway. Several institutions had been formed prior to 1762 for insuring lives; but the premiums charged prior to the formation of the "Equitable Society" were the same for all ages—generally five per cent. As might have been expected, the business transacted upon a system so bungling and so unattractive was insignificant in amount and highly unsatisfactory in its result.

Through the efforts of Dr. Richard Price, and in consequence of the suggestions of Dr. Edmund Halley and Thomas Simpson, all distinguished mathematicians, rates of premium based upon tables calculated by Mr. James Dodson, from the London Bills of Mortality, during the years 1728–50, were adopted by the Equitable Society. These rates of premium were reduced in 1776; and in 1782 new premiums, based upon the Northampton Table of Mortality, were calculated, and have been used by the Society to the present day. These rates of premiums, although less than those first adopted, have yet resulted in a surplus. In 1782, or twenty years after the formation of the Society, the first distribution of surplus was made amongst the members. Subsequently, in 1786, 1791, 1793, 1795, and in 1800, distributions were made; but in each case at least one-third of the total surplus was laid aside.

Some alarm was then occasioned by the *frequency* of the distributions; and on the 1st of May, 1800, the following by-laws were passed by the Society:

"*Ordered*, That a careful investigation of the value of each policy of assurance be repeated once in ten years.

"That in future no addition be made to the claims, nor any other mode of distribution of the profits of the Society be adopted without such investigation previously had; and

"That the addition to be made to the claims do not in any instance exceed in present value two-thirds of the clear surplus stock of the Society."

In the year 1810 two-thirds of the surplus then existing was distributed to the members in accordance with the foregoing. Up to this time each policyholder participated in every distribution of surplus; but on the 1st of March, 1810, a by-law was passed providing that in future no policy should be entitled to participate until six annual premiums had been paid. On the 19th of December, 1816, another by-law was passed, which provided that as far as regards policies issued subsequently to 1816 only the five thousand largest policies should participate in the surplus. These by-laws are still in force; and, accordingly, at each distribution in 1820, 1830, 1840, 1850, 1860, and 1870, the surplus has been divided exclusively among the oldest five thousand policies. The effect of this rule, however, has been to reduce the number of policies in force.

The surplus has always been divided as a percentage on the sums insured in proportion to the total number of annual premiums paid, counting from the date when the policies first began to participate. The surplus has never been paid in cash, but has always been used to increase the sums insured.

The history and practice of this famous Society shows several marked peculiarities. No commission has ever been paid to agents for procuring business. The surplus, or those portions of it which have been divided, has been distributed upon a system which is arbitrary, unequal in its operation, and in violation of well-established rules of equity, while those who created the surplus in many cases died before it was divided, and, hence, derived little or no benefit therefrom; hence, it has been in too many cases given to those who contributed but little, comparatively, to its formation. By honesty, good faith in carrying out engagements, and by eminent respectability the Society has secured and has maintained a high reputation.

Let us now turn to its namesake, the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States. This institution, so thoroughly American in its object and scope, was organized upon the idea that breadth of base, the diffusion and extension of the benefits, security, and advantages of life insurance among all classes of the community, was an object worthy of the tact, the energy, and all the ability of its founders. Its managers have spared no pains, have devoted every effort to make it in all respects the leading life insurance association of this continent. Finding that men are reluctant to reflect upon the necessity and advantage of life insurance without being urged—will not, in fact, care for their own best interests, and the best interests of those dependent upon them, unless the same is brought to their notice and attention—the officers of the Equitable have sought to place these necessities, and the advantages offered by their Society, before every man, woman, and child in the country. It is not too much to say that thus far they have nobly succeeded in their purpose. If success be the test of merit, surely they are entitled to its highest award. Upward and onward has been their motto and their aim.

With wonderful ingenuity in devising and readiness in adopting all the plans of life insurance that are sound and meritorious, by a diligent study of the best interests of those who insure, by a strict regard to those fixed principles of science and financial experience which cannot be disregarded with impunity, the officers of the Equitable have achieved for their Society a success and a reputation second to that of none in the world.

A glance at some few statistical facts in the history and progress of the Society will indicate to the reader the vigor which has characterized its operations:

PROGRESS OF THE EQUITABLE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES, YEAR BY YEAR.

Year ending Dec. 31st.	Number of Policies Issued.	Sum Assured.	Cash Income.	Paid Claims by Death.	Assets.
1859	277	$1,178,000 00	$39,727 29	$1,000 00	$77,424 37
1860	613	1,905,500 00	77,424 37	6,000 00	161,647 10
1861	918	2,835,500 00	161,647 10	20,000 00	313,269 08
1862	1,288	4,091,000 00	313,269 08	40,000 00	518,471 45
1863	1,698	5,072,450 00	518,471 45	77,000 00	784,144 00
1864	2,433	7,345,500 00	784,144 00	184,000 00	1,017,577 00
1865	3,247	9,797,000 00	1,017,577 00	267,000 00	1,328,328 00
1866	4,035	12,526,450 00	1,328,328 00	345,000 00	1,675,286 00
1867	4,753	14,391,000 00	1,675,286 00	413,000 00	2,000,000 00
1868	5,407	16,326,450 00	2,000,000 00	488,000 00	2,400,000 00
1869	6,086	18,307,500 00	2,400,000 00	567,000 00	2,800,000 00
1870	6,788	20,272,450 00	2,800,000 00	647,000 00	3,247,023 74
1871	7,394	22,365,799 00	3,247,023 74	733,000 00	3,800,000 00
10,003	40,395,799 00	7,194,844 13	1,383,125 00	3,370,316 35	13,230,054 50

As far as regards the new business or amount of insurance effected each year, the Equitable takes the lead of all American life insurance companies, as may be seen by the following table:

EQUITABLE	$40,295,799
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ÆTNA	21,705,474
NEW ENGLAND	8,979,361
KNICKERBOCKER	15,141,844
CHARTER OAK	20,118,485

Such results, in less than twelve years, could only have been achieved by unwearied industry and perseverance, as well as tact and knowledge of men. The progress of the society has been like that of a pioneer through the wilderness. Without precedents to guide them, the officers have decided matters of weighty import by principles of science and sound business experience. Making history so rapidly, they have long since found their own experience, as gradually developed, to be their safest and surest guide; and hence this experience has been diligently and carefully studied.

If such has been the growth and progress during the first twelve years, what will be the result when this Society shall have attained to the present age of its famous namesake of London? No one can foretell with certainty what shall occur in the future; but, judging from its healthful, vigorous youth, the maturity of the Equitable will show results such as the Old World has never witnessed, and which will not only be an honor to its projectors, who have consecrated their lives to its service, but a source of enduring renown to the age and country in which we live.

The best wishes of its friends are that the superstructure may be worthy its foundations; that its benefits may be as far-reaching, as solid, and as genuine as have been the energy, the tact, and the skill of its illustrious founders and managers.

Financial & Commercial.

A TARIFF FOR REVENUE AND PROTECTION.

THE Democratic State Convention of Ohio, recently held, said in its ninth resolution: "That we are in favor of a strictly revenue tariff, conformed to the theory and principles of all other just and wise tax laws, and opposed to the protective theory, so called." The Democratic State Convention of Pennsylvania, held a few weeks previously, said: "That the present tariff is in many of its features oppressive, and should be revised; and that we herewith request our representatives in Congress, when the tariff shall be the subject of readjustment, to see that the *immense products of the state and its industries are properly cared for.*"

These two propositions placed side by side—each coming from a Democratic state convention—show that Democrats are by no means agreed among themselves on the tariff question. Ohio Democrats demand what they call "a strictly revenue tariff," and declare that they will not participate in the surplus. These by-laws are still in force; and, accordingly, at each distribution in 1820, 1830, 1840, 1850, 1860, and 1870, the surplus has been divided exclusively among the oldest five thousand policies. The effect of this rule, however, has been to reduce the number of policies in force.

The surplus has always been divided as a percentage on the sums insured in proportion to the total number of annual premiums paid, counting from the date when the policies first began to participate. The surplus has never been paid in cash, but has always been used to increase the sums insured.

The history and practice of this famous Society shows several marked peculiarities. No commission has ever been paid to agents for procuring business. The surplus, or those portions of it which have been divided, has been distributed upon a system which is arbitrary, unequal in its operation, and in violation of well-established rules of equity, while those who created the surplus in many cases died before it was divided, and, hence, derived little or no benefit therefrom; hence, it has been in too many cases given to those who contributed but little, comparatively, to its formation. By honesty, good faith in carrying out engagements, and by eminent respectability the Society has secured and has maintained a high reputation.

Let us now turn to its namesake, the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States. This institution, so thoroughly American in its object and scope, was organized upon the idea that breadth of base, the diffusion and extension of the benefits, security, and advantages of life insurance among all classes of the community, was an object worthy of the tact, the energy, and all the ability of its founders. Its managers have spared no pains, have devoted every effort to make it in all respects the leading life insurance association of this continent. Finding that men are reluctant to reflect upon the necessity and advantage of life insurance without being urged—will not, in fact, care for their own best interests, and the best interests of those dependent upon them, unless the same is brought to their notice and attention—the officers of the Equitable have sought to place these necessities, and the advantages offered by their Society, before every man, woman, and child in the country. It is not too much to say that thus far they have nobly succeeded in their purpose. If success be the test of merit, surely they are entitled to its highest award. Upward and onward has been their motto and their aim.

With wonderful ingenuity in devising and readiness in adopting all the plans of life insurance that are sound and meritorious, by a diligent study of the best interests of those who insure, by a strict regard to those fixed principles of science and financial experience which cannot be disregarded with impunity, the officers of the Equitable have achieved for their Society a success and a reputation second to that of none in the world.

A glance at some few statistical facts in the history and progress of the Society will indicate to the reader the vigor which has characterized its operations:

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A glance at some few statistical facts in the history and progress of the Society

public advantage in consistency with the obligations and fiscal requirements of the Government. The Republican party has no speculative hobbies to run in the direction of either free trade or high protection. It proposes to use tariff duties as a means of revenue, and so adjust them in the selection of articles as to make them incidentally protective to American industry. This is the sensible idea—the one whose wise application has always contributed to the good of all classes.

NATIONAL DEBTS.

THE debt of Great Britain in 1689 was £664,000; in 1691, £3,130,000; in 1700, £9,407,000; in 1720, £54.000,000; in 1750, £77,000,000; in 1775, £127,000,000; in 1800, £471,000,000; in 1815, £861,000,000; in 1825, £810,000,000; in 1830, £785,000,000; in 1840, £789,000,000; in 1850, £787,000,000; in 1858, £805,000,000; in 1860, £831,000,000; and in 1870, £800,700,000. The present debt of Great Britain, reduced to dollars, amounts in round numbers to about four billions of dollars. It steadily increased from 1689 to 1815, when it reached the culminating point of £861,000,000." The actual net reduction of the debt in the last fifty-five years is but £60,300,000, or about three hundred millions of dollars.

At this rate it will be centuries before England will liquidate her national debt, nearly the whole of which has been contracted for war purposes. Her political economists have from time to time insisted upon the wisdom and positive necessity of adopting measures in times of peace for the reduction of this enormous debt. Adam Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations," takes the ground that the practice of funding a debt and making it permanent "has gradually enfeebled every state that has adopted it." David Hume, in his "Essay on Public Credit," declares that "if the nation does not destroy the debt the debt will destroy the nation." British statesmen are beginning to see that a huge national debt, entailed from one generation to another, while a great burden to the people, is a source of grave danger to the government. Latterly this subject has excited no little attention in the British Parliament.

For the last fifty years national debts have been immensely on the increase, as the following figures amply show. In 1815 North Germany owed £100,000,000, and in 1870 $150,000,000. In 1815 France owed £70,000,000, and in 1870 £518,000,000. In 1815 Austria owed £99,000,000, and in 1870 £300,000,000. In 1815 Russia owed £80,000,000, and in 1870 £300,000,000. In 1815 Spain owed £1,000,000, and in 1870 £225,000,000. In 1815 Italy owed £50,000,000, and in 1870 £257,000,000. In 1815 the United States owed £25,000,000, and in 1870 £447,000,000. The total debt of these countries in 1815 was £234,000,000, and in 1870 it was £2,297,000,000. Adding other countries, Mr. Dudley Baxter makes the total of national debts to be £1,530,000,000 in 1815, and £3,845,000,000 in 1870, showing an increase of £2,300,000,000, the greater part of which has been incurred during the last twenty years. Reducing the present indebtedness of the civilized nations of the earth to dollars, we have more than nineteen billions of dollars for the aggregate.

The public debt of the United States on the 1st of July, 1861, was $90,867,828.68. On the 1st of July, 1866, it was $2,783,425,879.21; and on the 1st of May, 1871, it was $2,303,573,543.14. No other nation can show any such record in the rapid liquidation of its indebtedness, and that too notwithstanding a large reduction of internal taxes. It has been, and it should continue to be, the policy of the American people to pay off the public debt by gradual reductions from year to year. The scheme of funding the outstanding Five-twenties does not propose permanency, but simply a reduction in the rate of interest until the debt is paid. The burdens of taxation should be lightened as the country increases in population and wealth, and hence the taxable basis becomes broader; yet the process should not be so rapid as to admit of no surplus for the gradual extinction of the debt. The true way to accomplish the result in a series of years is to keep at the work year by year. We do not believe in the wisdom of bringing taxation absolutely down to the expense basis, and thus leaving no surplus for debt reduction. We do not know what is in the future. We may have another great war, putting the national credit to its utmost strain; and hence we should not stereotype upon ourselves the European system of permanency, but rather use the period of peace for paying the debt as fast as we reasonably can.

This is sound national policy. It is the policy hitherto pursued by the Republican party, which will be continued if the party remains in power. The Administration of President Grant has already written for itself a splendid record on this subject. The people ought to endorse it, and we believe they will do so at the next presidential election. Give General Grant two full terms of official service; and, if we judge from the past, the financial and political questions left by the war will be pretty thoroughly settled.

CORPORATE EMBEZZELERS AND DEFAULTERS.

THE direct management of corporate institutions must of necessity be committed, as a special trust, to particular officers, selected on the ground of their experience, tact, and good character. It is the duty of directors and trustees to practice the utmost caution in the choice of these officers. Ability and integrity are the two qualifications indispensable; and no man should ever have corporate trusts placed in his hands who has not a well-established character in both respects. Were more care practiced in the selection of the proper men to be trusted, there would be fewer instances of defalcation and embezzlement of corporate funds. Stockholders and other parties in interest have frequently lost large amounts simply because directors and trustees, either from sheer carelessness or a desire to give positions to their favorites, have practically betrayed them. They have done so by appointing persons to offices which they were not fit to fill—a fact which it was their duty to have known. There is no excuse for mistakes of this character, when they are avoidable by a proper sagacity and diligence in judging of the qualifications of men.

Having exercised their best discretion in the choice of officers, the directors and trustees of corporate institutions have by no means completed the entire circle of their duties. They owe it to their constituents, and equally to the public, frequently to investigate the accounts and proceedings of their appointees, and adopt such arrangements as are suited to furnish the surest protection against mismanagement, defalcation, and embezzlement of corporate funds. They have no right to be mere figure-heads. They are bound to know what is being done by the agency they appoint and control. Their character is pledged to the public for a faithful performance of their duties; and, if they are too busy with other things or too indolent properly to attend to their official responsibilities, then let them resign the trust and give place to those who will do so. It is a breach of honor for a director or trustee to hold the office while he declines to discharge its duties. He does not do what he leads the public to suppose he is doing. His good name in society perhaps gives a false credit to a rotten institution, and may possibly palm off a scoundrel under the disguise of an honest man. It does honest men no harm to watch them; and it is only by watching all men that we find out who are rogues and who are not.

Suppose, however, that directors, or trustees, notwithstanding their care in making appointments and vigilant watchfulness, shall discover that they have been deceived, and that the institutions they assume to manage have been cheated, by delinquent, defaulting, and dishonest officers—a case that frequently happens—what then is the duty of these directors or trustees? It is a very common practice in such cases to adopt the *hush* game, conceal the facts from the public, and let the guilty parties go unexposed and unpunished, perhaps to repeat the same frauds upon others. We have heard of a fire insurance company that suffered by the defalcation of one of its officers to the amount of $63,000; and yet the managers exercised all their wits to screen the criminal, and keep the fact away from the knowledge of the stockholders and the general public. This we pronounce to be wrong. Defaulting officers who have betrayed their trusts should be summarily dismissed; the public should be advised of the reasons, or, at least, no effort should be made to conceal them; and, if a crime has been committed to which the law affixes penalty, then criminals should be brought to justice. This course may operate severely upon the guilty parties. Yet it is merciful to the community and conservative of public morals. Men who in official relations have proved themselves unworthy of confidence deserve exposure.

These rules of business ethics, if faithfully applied by the managers of corporate institutions, would prevent a large part of the defalcations and embezzlements which every now and then startle the community with the rogueries of genteel villains. Their just application would greatly augment the motives to official integrity, and save many a man from the first steps that finally lead to ruin. The consciousness of being watched, and the certainty of exposure if detected in crime, supply an immense power in the way of prevention. We advise the managers of corporate funds, and, indeed, all business men who must trust large interests to other hands, to consider these suggestions and reduce them to practice.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD LOAN.

THIS security is becoming more and more popular and inviting to capital. The company are pushing the building of the road with great energy and economy. They are now operating, including the St. Paul and Pacific, 413 miles of completed road, and will have in operation within 60 days 50 miles more. Then the prospects of business, judging from their experience to this time, give the fullest assurance of large returns, and the near completion of the surveys upon their lands in Minnesota, at which time they will be placed upon the market, tend to increase the confidence of capitalists to the fullest degree. If there ever was a doubt in relation to the construction of this great trans-continental railway, it is now entirely dispelled; and these doubly-secured gold bonds these interest-bearing land warrants, (as they have been appropriately called), are fast becoming the most popular, as they are acknowledged to be the most profitable and safe security to be found on this market.

MONEY MARKET.

THE oldest denizen of Wall Street cannot remember a time when money was so plenty and so cheap as it has been this summer and is now. A large number of call loans were made on Saturday, and since, at 2 per cent., on ordinary collaterals. A Wall-street bank one day last week discounted 90-days paper to a large amount at 5 per cent., and a trust company loaned a considerable sum at the same rate of interest at 4 months. The well informed men of the street are not looking for any essential change in this easy condition of the money market before the first of September, when there will be a call for money from the West to move the crops, and the opening of the fall trade will require a diffusion of the currency which is concentrated at this center. The bank statement of Saturday, though not so favorable as that of the previous week, was still of a character to encourage the belief that there is no chance of the present easy condition of the market being disturbed very soon. The statement, compared with that of the same date last year, shows that the loans now stand at $301,000,000, against $285,000,000 then; that the banks now hold $19,900,000 specie, against about $41,000,000 then; and $70,500,000 legal tenders now, against $53,000,000 then. The total reserve of the banks then was $94,590,000, against total liabilities of $266,359,000. The statement of Saturday last shows that the banks have now a reserve of $90,500,000, against $287,900,000 total liabilities. The loans are now larger than at any time for a year past. It is also to be noted that the associated banks and private bankers have now more than the usual amount lent on time, either on time loans or invested in paper; the reason being that they have been unable to obtain for months past from borrowers on call a sufficient amount to cover the integest, in most cases four per cent., which they themselves allow on deposits.

So it may be reasonably calculated that when business reopens, and the additional demands for money follow, there will be an immediate calling in of loans and a sudden increase of the rates. It is the prudent looking ahead for such a contingency that causes so great a caution among the stock speculators, who are naturally fearful of being caught with a greater burden on their backs than they can afford to carry when the pressure comes.

Great complaints are made of the dullness of the Street; but the Street is not dull—it is only quiet. A continuous excitement is not possible; and, since the hurly-burly of the last Rock Island affair, it was necessary that a season of quiet should follow to enable the crippled to recover and make arrangements for a new start.

There is a good deal of business doing all the time on the Stock Exchange, notwithstanding the complaints of "nothing doing." There was a rally in Erie on Monday, and the prices advanced from 28¾ to 29½, on the supposition that Jay Gould would be compelled to purchase the 30,000 shares of English stock which Judge Blatchford decided must be delivered into court.

There was a movement in New York Central, which is one of the cheapest railroad stocks, at its present price, on the market. Secretary Boutwell's order in relation to the 5 per cent. tax on the scrip dividend, which is construed as favorable to the company, will turn attention to New York Central.

The coal stocks have all been stronger. Delaware, Lackawanna, and Hudson have sold up to 108¾ to 109; and Consolidation Coal Company of Maryland has advanced to 43. It is said that this company is in a very good condition, and that it has earned 6 per cent. net during the last six months.

The rest of the market is without special movement of interest; but prices are very firm, and when the summer absentees come back from their vacation excursions there will doubtless be a lively revival of speculation. But a good deal will depend upon the action of the Lake Shore and the Rock Island cliques in relation to the new stock to be issued by them, and the amount of their extra dividends.

Gold has not gone up, as had been anticipated by the "bulls" of the Gold Room. The purchase of 5-20s for foreign account and the low rates of money in London, Hamburg, and Frankfort prevents the heavy shipments of gold to Europe which had been counted upon. The price closed at about 112 on Saturday; but since the commencement of the present week it has ranged from 112¾ to 112¾.

It is announced from Washington that, if the price of Government securities continues to range above par in gold, Secretary Boutwell will discontinue his purchases of 5-20s after this month, and this announcement will prevent any further advance.

Our correspondent at Grand Rapids, Mich., will find no difficulty in selling his bonds, though the price he names is about 2½ per cent. above the market. The case we mentioned of a capitalist who could not find a trust company willing to receive his deposit and allow him interest is not to be taken as evidence that money cannot be easily invested here in good stocks and bonds which will pay 7 to 8 per cent.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL NOTES.

THE Government purchase of Five-twenty bonds, from May, 1869, to March 15th, 1871, amounted to $186,590,750 as the principal, at a net cost of $210,088,-19.14 in currency, and of $172,050,495.83 estimated in gold, and at an average cost in gold of about 92 per cent.

—The Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad shows gross earnings for 1870 amounting to $7,421,061.43, against operating expenses amounting to $4,653,274.29; leaving a net revenue of $2,767,787.14, or about $250,000 less than the net revenue of 1869.

—The Hudson Highland Suspension Bridge across the Hudson River, which has been begun, will have a span between the towns of 1,066 feet. The estimated cost of this bridge is about $2,000,000.

—The receipts of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for the year ending December 31st, 1870, were $29,665,206.36, and its total expenditures were $23,365,-317.51, leaving a balance of $6,899,888.85.

DRY GOODS.

THE amount of business during the past week has not been large; but it has been larger than usual at this season of the year, and the indications are favorable to an earlier activity than has heretofore been the case. The tendency to higher rates in all descriptions of domestic cottons is very marked; and, as the stock of goods in first hands is small, and the reports from the South are still doubtful as to the prospects of the growing crop, there is a strong disposition to speculative purchase. In most descriptions of cottons a further advance of ¼ cent a yard has been established. In domestic woolen goods there is more activity and a firmer tone to prices. The temporary lull of business in the last two weeks of July will soon be succeeded by the opening activity of the fall season, when it is pretty generally anticipated there will be an advance of prices.

Unbleached sheetings and shirtings are limited in their sale by the limited stock in first hands, the chief deliveries being on unfilled contracts. Prices of both heavy and light weights have been advanced and are strongly maintained.

It seems that the South is likely to furnish the North with cloths as well as raw cottons. The Houston (Texas) *Daily Union* says that the Eureka Cotton Mills of Houston are sending off every few days from 100 to 200 bales of sheetings and shirtings to the New York market. "Our climate is very favorable to cotton manufacture," says the *Union*, "and the making of cloth near the fields gives advantages by which a superior article is secured."

The trade in bleached sheetings and shirtings has been small during the week; but prices are strong and without material change, though there has been an advance in some makes. The deliveries on previous orders, however, were to a large extent, and the jobbers are stocking up for the fall trade.

Printing cloths are very firm at quotations. Sales of 64 standard quality are made at 7⅞ cents for immediate delivery, and at 7¾ upon contracts for three and four months.

Prints are not yet fully upon the market for fall styles, though a few have been exhibited, and an active market is anticipated. 11¼ cents is the price spoken of as the probable opening in dark colorings for the best standard qualities.

Ginghams are in rather better demand, but without marked activity. Sales are mostly confined to the best makes—Lancaster at 15 cents, Amoskeag 15, Stanton 18, Carleton fine 19.

Cotton flannels are in good demand for the best makes, both heavy and medium, and prices of all classes are firm.

Cotton drills of all the different grades are firm in prices, but the demand is not specially active.

Corset jeans are in good demand, and prices are well maintained.

Cambrics of black and assorted colors of the best makes are of ready sale, and prices are steady.

In rolled jaconets the demand is greater than the supply, and large orders are given in advance of delivery. Under such circumstances prices are, as a matter of course, firmly maintained, and in the best makes an advance of ¼ cent has been established.

In all other descriptions of domestic cottons the market is firm, and the demand is much greater than usual at this season.

In woolens generally there are signs of a coming activity, and prices are generally firm. Shawls are beginning to be inquired for; but the sales are on a limited scale.

Linseys of popular makes are selling freely, and prices are steady.

Cloths and overcoatings are in more active demand. The jobbers are now laying in their stocks for the fall trade, and prices are firm generally, with an upward tendency. The clothiers are also in the market again, and are buying liberally, in anticipation of a lively fall business.

Cassimeres and satinets are in good demand, and medium and low grades are firmly held. The finer grades of fancy cassimeres are also in good demand. Satinets are selling more freely, and prices have been advanced. Tip-top sell at $1 for No. 1, and at 95 cents for No. 2.

Flannels are in better demand, and the sales are liberal at the recent advance in prices.

Blankets have sold so largely that there is less demand for them now, but prices continue firm.

The sales of the best makes of Brussels carpets are large for the season, and heavy orders have been given with a view to the fall demand. Prices are firm.

Foreign goods are just now comparatively neglected by the jobbers; but the importers have made large preparations for the fall trade. In all descriptions of British and continental fabrics the supply will be liberal, as the importations show.

HARVEY FISK. A. S. HATCH.

OFFICE OF

FISK & HATCH,

BANKERS AND DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,

No. 5 NASSAU ST., N. Y., July 10th, 1871.

THE FIRST MORTGAGE GOLD BONDS OF THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILROAD COMPANY offer peculiar inducements to judicious investors.

1. The Road is under experienced, conservative, and honorable management. The Company is one of the strongest and most reliable and trustworthy corporations in the country, with a well-established credit, and possessing property and franchises of great value.

2. There is ample security for the entire mortgage, already existing in completed road, equipments, and work done.

3. The semi-annual and prompt payment of interest and the security of the principal are beyond question.

4. It is an old and successful road, with 227 miles now in profitable operation and 100 miles additional nearly completed, extending itself in response to the demands of commerce, AS A GREAT EAST AND WEST TRUNK LINE FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE OHIO, and for the accommodation of the immense mineral resources along its line.

5. The traffic necessary to render its extension profitable does not depend upon a slow future development, but an enormous and profitable trade is already waiting for and inviting it.

6. The loan is sufficient in amount to become widely known, popular, and marketable, while it will be but a slight tax upon the great earning capabilities of the road.

The exchange of Five-twenties for these bonds may be made with entire safety, and will now yield a profit of over 20 per cent.

Bonds are in denominations of $1,000, $500, and $100. Interest payable May and November.

Price, until further notice, 92, and accrued interest from May 1.

FISK & HATCH.

FIRST MORTGAGE JOINT BOND

OF

THREE

NEW ENGLAND RAILROAD COMPANIES

(Principal and Interest Payable in Gold),

COMPRISING THE

VERMONT DIVISION

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PORTLAND & OGDENSBURG TRUNK R. R.

LINE,

CONNECTING THE

LAKES AND THE ATLANTIC

BY MUCH THE SHORTEST ROUTE.

This Road is being built and managed by New England BUSINESS MEN, who have invested largely in the CAPITAL STOCK, and whose experience and reputation guarantee the most THOROUGH CONSTRUCTION of the Road, and at the same time insure the most HONORABLE CONDUCT OF ITS AFFAIRS.

The Road is so situated as to secure to itself, AT ONCE, the largest PLEASURE TRAVEL OF ANY RAILROAD IN THE EASTERN STATES, connecting, as it will, by the shortest route, *Saratoga, Lakes George and Champlain* with *Mt. Mansfield, Lakes Memphremagog* and *Willoughby*, and the *White Mountains*. Independent of the through freight and passenger traffic, which must at once flow to it upon its completion, in consequence of its being the SHORTEST ROUTE to the seaboard, the earnings from the LOCAL BUSINESS will be sufficient to pay all running expenses and the interest on its SMALL BONDED DEBT.

Cash subscriptions to the STOCK of the Road have already been made sufficient to complete the road ready for the iron. The bonds are coupon or registered, and are in denominations of

$1,000, $500, and $100.

The Interest is SIX PER CENT. IN GOLD, payable semi-annually, in Boston, May 1st and November 1st. These bonds are offered until further notice at 90 and accrued interest in currency, and we recommend them to Savings Banks, holders of trust funds, and all others having money to invest, as FIRST-CLASS SECURITIES.

For further information—pamphlets, maps, etc.—apply to

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